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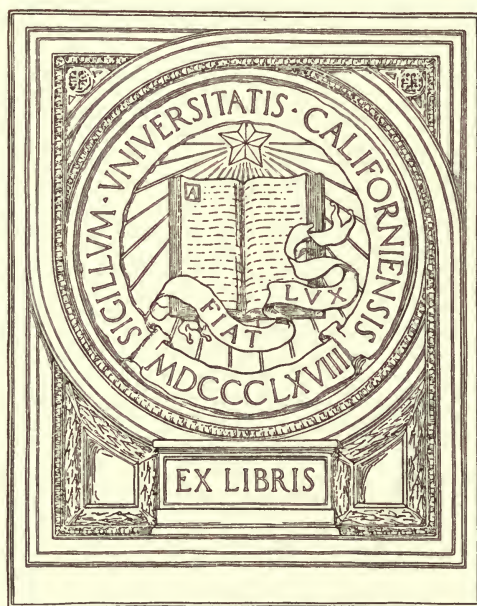
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**Munsell's**  
**Historical Series.**  
**No. VII.**

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THE

*Loyal Verses*

OF

JOSEPH STANSBURY

AND

DOCTOR JONATHAN ODELL;

RELATING TO THE

*AMERICAN REVOLUTION.*

---

NOW FIRST EDITED

BY WINTHROP SARGENT.

ALBANY:

J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.

1860.

TO THE  
UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA

## Aux Lecteurs.

Amyx lecteurs, qui ce liure lisez,  
Despouillez vous de toute affection ;  
Et le lisant ne vous scandalisez.  
El ne contient mal ne infection.  
Vray est qu'icy peu de perfection  
Vous apprendrez ——— Rabelais.







## P R E F A C E .

**T**HE collection and preservation of the ancient Songs of a Nation has long been esteemed a worthy occupation. In other lands than this, these researches, it is true, go back to days of chivalry and are rewarded by the acquisition of

What resounds,  
In fable or romance, of Uther's son  
Begirt with British or Armoric knights.

In our own country, the range of inquiry is more limited. We have no such legendary treasures to draw upon. The invention of printing—the use of gunpowder—the extension of navigation—all the discoveries that moulded the form and character of modern times, and separate us from past ages, preceded the European settlements in America, and shut out from our soil the

B

growth

growth of any school of fiction akin to those that had flourished on the other continent. The *Golden Legends* of the monks; the romances of knight-errantry; the satirical *Sirventes* of the troubadours—found no successors here. And while various circumstances hindered the new comers from bequeathing to this the local literatures of their own lands, other causes operated with equal force to prevent the early development of anything like a national department of our own. Such tales and legends of those days as have come down to us are now as valuable for their rarity as for their nature. Obscure and remote, the Colonies for a long while scarcely claimed among themselves, and certainly did not obtain from Europe, the slightest consideration on the score of mental excellence or cultivation. So essentially were they in the shade, that it is told as a probable, if not a true story, that Cromwell would fain have sought refuge here, as in an impenetrable covert, from the wrath of the Court; and if his escape from the Thames was obstructed by the officers of Charles, it was in all likelihood because they conceived him about to fly into regions where it would be difficult to pursue and impossible to detect him. And many years later, when pious men from Virginia besought official favour in England to their scheme of establishing a College in that Colony, so slight was the esteem in which American intelligence was held that the Attorney-General

General stared in utter amazement at the proposition. "Why, what in Heaven's name," he exclaimed, "do you want with a College in Virginia?" "To improve the minds and the souls of the youth of the province," was the humble reply. "Souls!" cried the law-dignitary, aghast at such presumption—"Souls! *D— your souls! make tobacco!*"

Thus it happens that we find very little of local fiction in any of its ordinary forms, among our ancient American literature. The Revolutionary War, however, which gave this country a seat in the circle of empires, was succeeded by an unlooked for and wonderful prosperity, that soon raised it to greatness. And as this contest—the most important epoch in our national history—was not at all deficient in those political verses that naturally find their seat upon the lips of men engaged in a long and impassioned strife, it does not ill become us, who today enjoy the fruit of the arduous toils of the founders of our State, to regard with an attentive eye every monument that remains of the characteristics of their nature. Nor should the desire to retrieve, so far as may be, every detail of the men and manners of that period, be dealt with as an idle inquisitiveness, or ranked with that spirit which, as Sir Thomas Browne relates, would seek to know what song the Syrens sang, or by what name Achilles was known among the women.

If

If then we cannot present the lays of minstrels, who

In sage and solemn tunes have sung  
Of turneys and of trophies hung ;  
Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear ;

we can at least essay towards recovering the party lyrics with which the contending ranks of our great civil war solaced their friends or provoked their foes : and if there be any truth in the proposition of Fletcher of Saltoun, that the songs of a people control its action not less than its laws, the production would be justified of every strain that can be shown to have been born out of the popular troubles of that day. There is a class of students who would gladly hear all that can be told of every thing which went to form the character and the habits of the actors in the memorable scene : to whom no fact, however small, that relates to the grand event of the Revolution, is destitute of interest : and to whose eyes the words of the *Old Turcum* song, that cheered the American camp-fires in the swamps of Carolina fourscore years bygone, would be not less precious today than the presence of the singer himself would have been to Tarleton while the British standard yet waved in Charleston ; and these readers, at least, will not regard as altogether idle such collections as that here presented.

In



In gathering up the poetry of the Revolution, a peculiar interest naturally attaches itself to the productions of the vanquished party. Of the sayings and doings of our own side, we may be presumed to possess at least a certain degree of information: but of the Tory or Loyal party, the general reader can hardly say more than that it was numerous, brave, and intelligent; and that when it was swept away from the face of the land, its members seem to have vanished from the public observation in the same moment with the cause which they had sustained. Like Cardinal Beaufort in the play, it died, and made no sign. The reader may, as he chooses, continue with Warwick, that so bad a death argued a monstrous life, or with the gentle king, lean to a milder judgment of the men who supported the cause of the crown. The question is of no moment here; and it is of as little importance to determine whether their literary effusions were possessed of any extraordinary merit. Their connection with the history of the times gives them value. The Englishman's boast, that he had sung the last Stuart out of three kingdoms loses none of its point because the verses themselves have but little, and every modern reader would resent the withdrawal from its appropriate place of the scurvy doggrel of *Lillibullero* as warmly as could have been done by My Uncle Toby himself, whose favorite resource in time of trouble, was, it will be recollected,

recollected, the whistling of that Williamite air. It is their political rather than their lyrical merit that has caused this collection of revolutionary verses: and although, in the Editor's opinion, they are wanting in neither the one qualification nor the other, yet it may be as well on the latter score to premise that the reader must not look to dealing with them simply according to their poetical desert. "Use every man "after his desert," says Hamlet, "and who should "'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour "and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit "is in your bounty. Take them in."

But notwithstanding all that has been advanced, it may still be doubted whether it was worth while to disturb the repose of the pieces here printed. The Editor's interest in a favorite line of research perhaps disqualified him for an unbiassed decision: and an appeal to the judgments of friends was about as profitable as that of John Bunyan in a like strait;

Some said, John, print it: others said, not so.

Some said it may be good. Others said No.

Accordingly, as is not unusual in such contingencies, he has followed the counsel that agreed best with his own inclinations: satisfied that the limited impression of this book will at least prevent any very widespread dissatisfaction resulting from his proceedings.

In

In its preparation for the press, the Editor has been governed by the same rules that controlled the appearance of *The Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution*. The Notes are made purely with an intent to explain the author's meaning. To maintain or to impugn the sentiments expressed has been far from his plan. What incompleteness appears in the Notes is as much to be regretted by himself as by any other; their hasty preparation under circumstances that left him access to no other authorities than what his own shelves provided, may be suggested rather by way of explanation, than to justify any deficiency. In the selection of the matter for the text of this work, however, it has been thought well to join together the names and the remaining compositions of Doctor Odell and Mr. Stanbury, who were undoubtedly the two most important loyal versifiers of the time. A concurrence of fortunate circumstances gave the Editor access to what may be reasonably believed a complete collection of all that remains of their writings. Many of these were unpublished; many in the original manuscript; and narrowed as their list had already become under the hand of Time, there was every reason to suppose they would continue to suffer a yearly diminution. What estimate may have been placed on them by the opposing parties of the period in which they had birth, has not weighed at all to admit or exclude them from this collection; nor  
have

have the opinions their language conveys been regarded. When party heats run high, party judgments are of little worth. "Wit and fool," says Dryden, are consequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. This arrangement indeed falls more severely on the authors themselves than upon any others: for it cannot be denied that their productions, as here given, are of very unequal merit and comprise much that, in all probability, they themselves would on occasion have excluded. But the fault rests here with that Chance which, being no respecter of merit, has preserved indifferently a meagre assortment, in point of quantity, of the numerous writings of our poets, and in so doing has condemned their best and their worst efforts to a sort of Mezentian union: *Mortua jungebat corpora vivis*. All that remains for the Editor under these circumstances is to set in meet order and array the materials that he finds before him. Like Rob Roy, if they be 'ower bad for blessing, they are ower gude for banning:' and the most carelessly arranged line may perhaps be found to illustrate some neglected point of history.

Especial acknowledgments are due to Mrs. Charles Lee, of Frederickton, N. B., and to Mr. J. Francis Fisher and Mr. Charles M. Morris of Philadelphia, for their contributions to the text of this volume. The Editor would also remark here that from it he has  
omitted



omitted two poems by Doctor Odell: *The American Times*, and *The Word of Congress*—which are already edited in *The Loyalist Poetry*. To the critical reader, who may object to the occasional omission of a phrase allowable enough in the last century, but too coarse for the more delicate palate of this, he would urge that in every such case a dash has been substituted for the discarded word; so, in the language of Peter Pindar,

—Let *thy* impudence supply the rhyme!

W. S.

*Gloster Place, Mississippi,*  
January 10th, 1860.



# THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME

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THE  
L O Y A L V E R S E S  
OF  
STANSBURY AND ODELL.





THE  
LOYAL VERSES  
OF  
STANSBURY AND ODELL.

---

A SONG,  
SUNG AT THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE  
SONS OF ST. GEORGE IN NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1771.

TUNE: *Black Sloven.*

[From Joseph Stanbury's Original MSS.<sup>1</sup>]

**Y**E Sons of St. George, here assembled today,  
So honest and hearty, so Chearful and Gay,  
Come join in the Chorus, and loyally sing  
In praise of your Patron, Your Country and King.

Tho' plac'd at a distance from Britain's bold Shore,  
From thence either We or our Fathers came o'er:  
And in Will, Word and Deed, We are Englishmen all;  
Still true to her Cause and awake to her Call.

Let

Let Cressy, Poitiers, and let Agincourt show  
How our Ancestors acted some Ages ago :  
While Minden's red Field and Quebec shall proclaim  
That their Sons are unchanged or in Nature or Name,

Should the proud Spanish Dons but appear on the Main,  
The Island they pilfer'd, by Force to maintain,  
The brave Sons of Thunder our Wrongs will redress,  
And teach them again what they learn'd of Queen Bess,

Tho' the proud Roman Eagle to Britain was borne,  
Both Talons and Feathers got plaguily torn ;  
And Caesar himself, both with Foot and with Horse,  
Was glad to sneak off with — "It's well 'twas no worse."

Tho' party Contentions awhile may run high,  
When Danger advances they'll vanish and die ;  
While all with one Heart, Hand and Spirit unite,  
Like Englishmen think and like Englishmen fight.

Then here's to our King, and Oh, Long may He reign—  
The Lord of those Men who are Lords of the Main !  
While all the Contention among us shall be  
To make Him as happy as We are made free.

And here's to the Daughters of Britain's Fair Isle—  
May Freedom and They ever crown with a Smile  
The Sons of St. George, our good Knight so profound—  
The Sons of St. George, even all the World round !

ON

ON THE PRESENT TROUBLES.

[These Lines from the Stanbury Manuscripts, have an interest as showing how some even among those who, when War actually broke out, were unflinching in their Loyalty to the Crown, were at an earlier date disgusted with the ministerial plans for America. The author's confidence in the overwhelming Power of England is curiously enough contrasted with his assertion of Colonial Innocence.<sup>2]</sup>

ON crystal throne, uplifted high,  
Imperial Britain fate;  
Her lofty forehead reach'd the sky;  
Her awful nod was fate:  
Terrific Mars, with War's alarms  
Augments the pageant shew;  
And sea-green Neptune's circling arms  
Forbid th' invading foe.

Bright Science made her Name ador'd.  
Her robes the Arts empearl'd.  
Wide in her Lap fair Commerce pour'd  
The Riches of the World.  
Her Cheeks the Rose in haste forsook,  
By jealous Fears pursued:  
Her Voice the Earth's firm Basement shook,  
And turn'd the Air to Blood.

Her Vengeance o'er the liquid Wave  
Explores these western Climes:  
Just Heav'n! a People deign to save  
Whose wrongs are all their Crimes!  
*Cetera desunt.*

WHEN

WHEN GOOD QUEEN ELIZABETH  
GOVERNED THE REALM.

*A Song.*

TUNE: *Hearts of Oak.*

[From the Stansbury Manuscripts ; and probably composed for a meeting of the Sons of St. George in 1774 or 1775.]

WHEN good Queen Elizabeth govern'd the  
Realm,  
And Burleigh's sage Counsels directed the Helm,  
In vain Spain and France our Conquests oppos'd ;  
For Valour conducted what Wisdom propos'd.  
Beef and Beer was their Food ;  
Love and Truth arm'd their Band ;  
Their Courage was ready—  
Steady, Boys, Steady—  
To fight and to conquer by Sea and by Land.

But since Tea and Coffee, so much to our Grief,  
Have taken the place of Strong Beer and Roast Beef,  
Our Laurels have wither'd, our Trophies been torn ;  
And the Lions of England French triumphs adorn.  
Tea and slops are their food ;  
They unnerve every Hand—  
Their Courage unsteady  
And not always ready—  
They often are conquer'd by Sea and by Land.

St. George views with Transport our generous flame :  
“ My Sons, rise to Glory, and rival my fame.  
“ Ancient Manners again in my Sons I behold

And



“And this Age must eclipse all the Ages of Gold.”<sup>3</sup>

Beef and Beer are our food ;  
Love and Truth Arm our Band ;  
Our Courage is steady  
And always is ready

To fight and to conquer by Sea and by Land.

While thus we regale as our Fathers of old,  
Our Manners as Simple, our Courage as bold,  
May Vigour and Prudence our Freedom secure  
Long as Rivers, or Ocean, or Stars shall endure.

Beef and Beer are our food ;  
Love and Truth arm our Band ;  
Our Courage is steady,  
And always is ready

To fight and to conquer by Sea and by Land.

---

### INSCRIPTION

FOR A CURIOUS CHAMBER-STOVE, IN THE FORM OF AN  
URN, SO CONTRIVED AS TO MAKE THE FLAME DESCEND,  
INSTEAD OF RISE, FROM THE FIRE: INVENTED BY  
DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

[By Dr. JONATHAN ODELL.<sup>4</sup> 1776.]

**L**IKE a Newton sublimely he soar'd  
To a Summit before unattained ;  
New regions of Science explor'd,  
And the Palm of Philosophy gain'd.

With a Spark, that he caught from the Skies,  
He display'd an unparallel'd wonder:  
And we saw, with delight and surprise,  
That his Rod could protect us from thunder.

O had he been wise to pursue  
 The track for his talents design'd,  
 What a tribute of praise had been due  
 To the teacher and friend of Mankind !

But to covet *political* fame  
 Was, in him, a degrading ambition ;  
 A Spark, that from *Lucifer* came,  
 And kindled the blaze of *Sedition*.

Let Candor, then, write on his Urn—  
 Here lies the renowned Inventor,  
 Whose flame to the Skies ought to burn,  
 But, inverted, descends to the Center !

## EPIGRAM

ON A SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. MR. PIERCY,  
 CHAPLAIN TO THE THIRD BATTALION OF PHILADELPHIA  
 MILITIA.

[By JOSEPH STANSBURY. The late Rev. Dr. James Abercrombie, Rector of the united Parishes of Christ-church and St. Peter's, in Philadelphia (for notices of whom see *Croker's Boswell's Johnson*, vol. III, p. 242, p. 285), who communicated this piece, could not fix its date, but believed it to have been written in June or July, 1776. "The weather being very warm," said Dr. Abercrombie, "the servant of General Roberdeau (who commanded the battalion), a very black and remarkably ugly Negro, stood behind Mr. Percy, in the pulpit, fanning him with a degree of vehemence proportioned to his inflammatory address.""]

TO preach up, friend Percy, at this critical season,  
 Resistance to Britain, is not very civil.  
 Yet what can we look for but Faction and Treason  
 From a flaming Enthusiast, fann'd by the Devil?

BIRTHDAY

BIRTHDAY ODE.

[Written by Dr. ODELL, on occasion of the King's Birthday, June 4th, 1776 ; and sung by a number of British officers (captured at St. John's and Chambly by General Montgomery) who were prisoners at that time at Burlington, New Jersey ; and who, to avoid offence, had an entertainment in honor of the day prepared on an island in the river Delaware, where they dined under a tree.<sup>6</sup> Printed from the author's copy, collated with a contemporaneous Manuscript.]

O'ER Britannia's happy Land,  
Rul'd by George's mild command,  
On this bright, auspicious day  
Loyal hearts their tribute pay.  
Ever sacred be to mirth  
The day that gave our Monarch birth !

There, the thundering Cannon's roar  
Echoes round from shore to shore ;  
Royal Banners wave on high ;  
Drums and trumpets rend the sky.

There our Comrades clad in Arms,  
Long enured to War's alarms,  
March'd all in bright array  
Welcome this returning day.

There, the temples chime their bells ;  
And the pealing anthem swells ;  
And the gay, the grateful throng  
Join the loud triumphant song !

Nor

*The Loyal Verses*

Nor to Britain's Isle confin'd—  
 Many a distant Region join'd  
 Under George's happy sway  
 Joys to hail this welcome day.

O'er this Land among the rest,  
 Till of late supremely blest,  
 George, to sons of Britain dear,  
 Swell'd the song from year to year.

Here, we now lament to find  
 Sons of Britain, fierce and blind,  
 Drawn from loyal love astray,  
 Hail no more this welcome day.

When by foreign Foes dismay'd,  
 Thankless Sons, ye call'd for aid :  
 Then, *we* gladly fought and bled,  
 And your Foes in triumph led.

Now, by Fortune's blind command,  
 Captives in your hostile Land ;  
 To this lonely spot we stray  
 Here unseen to hail this day !

Though by Fortune thus betray'd,  
 For a while we seek the shade,  
 Still our loyal hearts are free—  
 Still devoted, George, to thee !

Britain, Empress of the Main,  
 Fortune envies thee in vain :  
 Safe, while Ocean round thee flows,  
 Though the *world* were *all* thy Foes.

Long

Long as Sun and Moon endure  
Britain's Throne shall stand secure,  
And great George's royal line  
There in splendid honor shine.  
Ever sacred be to Mirth  
The day that gave our Monarch birth!

---

SONG

FOR A FISHING PARTY NEAR BURLINGTON, ON THE  
DELAWARE, IN 1776.

[Composed by Dr. ODELL, under circumstances similar to those which occasioned the preceding piece. To the third verse he has appended this Note: "*Protestant* was a term adopted by a circle of Loyalists."]

HOW sweet is the season, the sky how serene;  
On Delaware's banks how delightful the scene;  
The Prince of the Rivers, his waves all asleep,  
In silence majestic glides on to the Deep.

Away from the noise of the Fife and the Drum,  
And all the rude din of Bellona we come;  
And a plentiful store of good humor we bring  
To season our feast in the shade of Cold Spring.

A truce then to all whig and tory debate;  
True lovers of Freedom, contention we hate:  
For the Demon of discord in vain tries his art  
To possess or inflame a true *Protestant* heart.



True Protestant friends to fair Liberty's cause,  
 To decorum, good order, religion and laws,  
 From avarice, jealousy, perfidy, free;  
 We wish all the world were as happy as we.

We have wants, we confess, but are free from the care  
 Of those that abound, yet have nothing to spare:  
 Serene as the sky, as the river serene,  
 We are happy to want envy, malice and spleen.

While thousands around us, misled by a few,  
 The Phantoms of pride and ambition pursue,  
 With pity their fatal delusion we see;  
 And wish all the world were as happy as we!

---

### A WELCOME TO HOWE.

[Written by JOSEPH STANSBURY, on occasion of the arrival of  
 Sir William Howe on the coast of New York, in June, 1776.]

**H**E comes, he comes, the Hero comes:  
 Sound, sound your Trumpets, beat your Drums:  
 From port to port let Cannon roar  
 Howe's welcome to this western Shore!

Britannia's dauntless Sons appear;  
 For Ages past renown'd in War.  
 The Sword they draw, the Lance they wield,  
 Now Glory calls them to the Field.

With laurels crown'd triumphant see  
 Britannia's Genius, Victory:  
 With her, fair Freedom sits in State,  
 And Mercy smiles, serenely great.

My



My Sons, Britannia cries—forbear :  
Deluded Sons, nor urge the War.  
What Justice asks, is all your own ;  
For Justice yet supports my Throne.

Would you be free?—be Freedom thine :  
Britannia bends at Freedom's shrine.  
Is Wealth your Wish?—that Wealth possess,  
For Britain's King delights to bless.

Be happy still, nor dare explore  
With moon-struck Guides the heights of Pow'r :  
For Pow'r is mine, and flows from me  
In temper'd Streams of Liberty.

With me connected, stand secure  
While Sun or Moon or Stars endure :  
And when the World is wrapt in Fire,  
This mighty Empire last expire.

---

### A BIRTHDAY SONG.

[By Dr. ODELL : composed at New York, in honour of the anniversary of the King's birthday, June 4th, 1777 ; and printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for that year.]

**T**IME was when America hallow'd the morn  
On which the lov'd monarch of Britain was born,  
Hallow'd the day, and joyfully chanted  
God save the King !  
Then flourish'd the blessings of freedom and peace,  
And plenty flow'd in with a yearly increase.  
Proud of our lot we chanted merrily  
Glory and joy crown the King !

With

With envy beheld by the nations around,  
We rapidly grew, nor was anything found  
Able to check our growth while we chanted

God save the King!

O blest beyond measure, had honour and truth  
Still nurf'd in our hearts what they planted in youth!  
Loyalty still had chanted merrily

Glory and joy crown the King!

But see! how rebellion has lifted her head!  
How honour and truth are with loyalty fled!  
Few are there now who join us in chanting

God save the King!

And see! how deluded the multitude fly  
To arm in a cause that is built on a lye!  
Yet are we proud to chant thus merrily

Glory and joy crown the King!

Though faction by falsehood awhile may prevail,  
And loyalty suffers a captive in jail,  
Britain is rouz'd, rebellion is falling:

God save the King!

The captive shall soon be releas'd from his chain;  
And conquest restore us to Britain again,  
Ever to join in chanting merrily

Glory and joy crown the King!

TRADESMEN'S

## TRADESMEN'S SONG

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH DAY, JUNE 4TH, 1777.

TUNE: *When Britain first at Heaven's command.*

[By JOSEPH STANSBURY, and first printed in the Pennsylvania Ledger, October 22d, 1777. The Ledger was a tory paper, issued weekly by James Humphreys, at Philadelphia, during Sir William Howe's occupation of that city. On the 4th of June the city was still occupied by the Whigs, and this song could not have obtained publicity before Howe's arrival without bringing trouble on its author's head.]

A GAIN, my social Friends, we meet  
To celebrate our annual Treat,  
And with our loyal hearts display  
This great, this glorious Natal Day :  
'Tis George's Natal Day we sing;  
Our firm, our steady Friend and King.

For Britain's Parliament and Laws  
He waves his own Imperial Power ;  
For this (Old England's glorious Cause)  
May Heaven on him its blessings shower ;  
And Colonies, made happy, sing  
Great George, their real Friend and King.

Since Britain first at Heaven's command  
Arose from out the Azure Main,  
Did ever o'er this jarring Land  
A Monarch with more firmness reign ?  
Then to the Natal Day we'll sing  
Of George, our sacred Friend and King. To

To Charlotte fair, our matchless Queen,  
 To all his blooming, heavenly line,  
 To all their Family and Friends  
 Let us in hearty chorus join :  
     And George's Natal Day let's sing,  
     Our gracious Father, Friend and King.<sup>7</sup>

And may the heavenly Powers combine,  
 While we with loyal hearts implore  
 That one of his most sacred Line  
 May rule these Realms till Time's no more :  
     And we with chearful voices sing  
     Great George our steady, natal King.

---

## THE FOURTH OF JULY.

1777.

[R. CHUBB is the reputed author of these lines : but as they have also been attributed to STANSBURY, the editor with some hesitation gives them a place here. They are printed from the Pennsylvania Ledger of December 10th, 1777 ; collated with a manuscript copy. The text in the Ledger is prefaced by this Note : "The following was written in commemoration of the *glorious action* on the evening of the 4th of July last, when a party of *courageous Independents*, headed by some of their Rebel Chiefs, waged a most daring war against the unenlightened windows of the Quakers and other enemies to their ridiculous independent scheme in this city."<sup>8</sup>]

WHAT times are these ?—a perfect riddle !  
 Whence fled the scenes of former quiet ?  
 Bless us—when Patriots strum the fiddle,  
 And Generals form and head the riot !

The

The unarm'd Quakers and the Tories  
Sustained the honours of the night,  
And still their poor, unshutter'd stories  
Hang zig-zag trophies of their might.

See General Gates and Dicky Peters,<sup>9</sup>  
With Jemmy Mease of noted worth;<sup>10</sup>  
Richard and Tom the prime of eaters,  
Like ancient heroes fall forth.<sup>11</sup>

Our true Don Quixotes, by false guesses  
Direct their calls and lead the van :  
Mistake the Tories for the Hessians,  
And Quaker for poor Englishman !

Illustrious Chieftains ! future ages  
Shall mark your triumphs of the day.  
While wide the patriotic Sages  
Shall round the world your fame convey,

Still as a foil, ye new Law-makers,  
To former happiness remain.  
Blunderers, go on : despise the Quakers—  
You never shall their height attain.<sup>12</sup>

The wisdom of their gentle ruling  
Can bear the retrospective view ;  
And this, with all your boasted schooling,  
Is more than will be said of you.



## A NEW SONG.

TUNE: *Cæsar and Pompey were both of them, &c.*

[By Mr. STANSBURY : printed from the original Manuscript.<sup>13</sup>]

WHEN Britain determined to tax us at pleasure,  
 We rose as one Man, and opposed the measure;  
 Not liking the Pilgrimage, I can assure ye,  
 Of going to England for Trial by Jury.<sup>14</sup>  
 Therefore for Freedom alone we are fighting;  
 For that sort of Freedom was not so inviting.

To Edicts of Britain subjection refusing,  
 We set up a Government of our own choosing.  
 The Guardians of Freedom resolv'd to maintain it,  
 And publish'd a long Bill of Rights to explain it.  
 For its for Freedom alone we are fighting:  
 The name of all names which true Freemen delight in.

We fondly imagin'd that all future Story  
 Should tell of our Justice, our Freedom and Glory:  
 We laugh'd at Oppression, not dreaming or fearing  
 That Men would be banish'd without charge or hearing:  
 For Freedom indeed we supposed we were fighting;  
 But this sort of Freedom's not very inviting.

If they with our Enemies have been partakers,  
 Then prove it in God's name, and punish the Quakers:  
 But if there is nothing alleged but Suspicion,  
 What honest Man's safe from this State-Inquisition?  
 If such be the Freedom for which we are fighting,  
 This sample, good Folks, is not very inviting.  
 When



When good Men are seiz'd on, who boldly defie all  
The malice of Hell, and demand a fair Trial—  
The cause of refusal you vainly dissemble:  
“The Churchmen must bend, and the Quakers shall  
tremble.”

Since this is the Freedom for which we are fighting,  
The old-fashioned Freedom was much more inviting.

When Quakers and Churchmen have suffer'd your  
pleasure—

Their Worship and Consciences shap'd to your measure—

The Catholics then may expect Penal Laws,  
Whereby we shall have one Religion and Cause.<sup>15</sup>

This, this is the Freedom for which you are fighting:  
And let all who think it so, call it inviting.

---

## THE PETITION OF PHILADELPHIA TO SIR WILLIAM HOWE.

[Written by Mr. STANSBURY, about October, 1777, and now printed from his revised manuscript copy, collated with the rough draft. The latter, by the way, supplies the names of *Price* and *Coffin* in the thirtieth line.<sup>16</sup>]

**T**O General Howe, Commissioner in chief  
To grant all injured Subjects *sure Relief*,  
We, the Subscribers, beg leave to present  
This State of Facts, by way of—*Compliment*:

That long before the date of Whig and Tory  
The *Paper-Money* was this Country's Glory;  
In all our Dealings did its Value hold  
In fix'd *Proportion* to the Coins of Gold:—

That when the British Troops first took Possession  
It pass'd as formerly by your Concession:—

That with the Fleet came up the *Merchant-Stranger*,  
Who, by refusing, brought *it* into danger:  
(Inform'd perhaps that still in Rebel's hands  
Lay all the mortgage-Deeds and mortgag'd Lands,  
And reaf'ning thence have so mistook the Case  
They hold the Money's tottering as *its base*)  
And certain *Citizens*, we must confess it t'ye,  
Have brought their Brethren into sad necessity.

That if suppress'd, it may be mildly said  
We have no *Medium* adequate to Trade;  
And if the Army sell their Bills at all  
Th' Exchange they sell at must be very small.

That *it* received the *Sanction of the Crown*:  
And many *Friends of Government* in Town,  
Sold each *Half-Joe* for *Twelve Pounds*, Congress Traff,  
Which purchas'd *Six Pounds* of this Legal Cash;  
Whereby they have, if you will bar the bubble,  
Instead of losing, *made their Money double*:  
Then pity them, the widow and the orphan—  
Nor heed the partial Tale from Price or Coffin.

That in the Year (the famous) Fifty-Nine—  
A Year which must in Britain's Annals shine—<sup>17</sup>  
The Army *wanting Cash* obtain'd the Loan  
Of Paper Money, Fifty Thousand Pounds:  
By which their Bills, that scarce a Man would buy,  
Advanc'd *Fourteen per Cent* immediately.  
Its true the Army now has Cash enough;  
And *therefore* should support our Paper Stuff.

That a *large Sum*, collected with dispatch,  
Lays in the Trea'surers hands to pay the *Watch*,  
Who will *not take it*, unless in the Shops  
And Market it will buy them Food and Slops.

Our Patrole *therefore* will have *Guns and Swords*,  
Instead of *Lanterns, Staves, and empty Words*.<sup>18</sup>

That if you will assume our Load of *Ills*,  
Our Paper's *ready* to exchange for *Bills*,  
To pay our Friends in England with your *Gold*,  
And leave your Officers our *Rags* to hold.

These and *more cogent* Reasons might be told  
Why Paper Money should be par with Gold.

We pray the General in a general Way  
Would grant Redress, and that without Delay,  
And *Value* give the *Paper* we possess:—  
And then—*We'll sign the long-since penn'd Address*.<sup>19</sup>

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### EPIGRAM.

[“Wrote extempore by JOSEPH STANSBURY on seeing a thin, Sieve-like Blanket returned by General Howe, in lieu of a good *Rose Swan-skin*, taken from a Quaker.”<sup>20</sup>]

WHEN Congress had fled in a Fright from their  
Foes,  
The Quakers they thought to snug under the *Rose*.  
But *Billy*, who sees with the Glance of an Eye,  
Soon found though the Quakers were grave, they were  
fly:  
Resolv'd to distinguish the *good* from the *bad*,  
I'll sift 'em, he cries, if there's sieves to be had!

THE

## THE KITTEN SONG.

TUNE: *Come my kitten, my kitten, &c.*

[Probably by Mr. STANSBURY: published in Towne's Pennsylvania Evening Post, December 2d, 1777, with this prefatory Note: "*Good Mr. Towne*—You must have heard of the association or agreement that the ladies of this city (Philadelphia) have entered into, in order to support the old paper currency which has received the sanction of our gracious sovereign; and of their determination to exert themselves, as far as ladies can, to restore it to its former value. Now you must know, Sir, I am a subscriber to that agreement, and being myself vastly fond of a little fun and harmless humour, have concluded, from your physiognomy, that you have no objection to either, I have therefore sent you a new song to an old tune. By inserting it in your next paper, you will oblige a number of ladies, and among the rest your constant reader, *Flirtilla*. Philad. Dec. 1, 1777." In many respects these lines will remind the reader of the childish nursery doggerel that supplies the air: but the circumstances under which they were composed constitute an interesting feature in the local history of the day.<sup>21</sup>]

COME all ye good people attend  
 Pray hear what a new comer offers;  
 I've all sorts of good things to vend,  
 If you will but open your coffers.  
 Here we go up, up, up,  
 And here we go down, down-e;  
 Here we go backwards and forwards  
 And here we go round, round, round-e!

Here



Here is a fleet from New York,  
And here the dry goods shall abound-e ;  
Here is both butter and pork,  
And all juſt now come round-e.

Here you have falt for your broth,  
And here you have ſugar and cheefe-e ;  
Tea without taxes or oath,  
But down with your *gold*, if you pleaſe-e.

Here is an end to your rags,  
Your backs ſhall no more go bare-e :  
Farewell to the ſneers of the wags,  
But your *gold*, Sir, muſt firſt take air-e.

Here you have good Iriſh beef,  
And here you have ſugar and ſpice-e ;  
Here you may part with your grief,  
For *gold* we have plumbs for mince pies-e.

Here you have topknot and *tête*  
Too big for a buſhel to hold-e ;  
Here you may dreſs like the great :  
And all for a trifle of gold-e.

Here you have catgut and gauze,  
And cambrick and lawn very fine-e ;  
Mits, hoſe, and a thouſand kickſhaws,  
For which let your *ſilver* be mine-e.

Here you have trinkets ſo fine,  
And baubles to hang by your ſide-e ;  
Here you may glitter and ſhine ;  
For *gold* you may look like a bride-e.

Then

Then spurn at the wife old dons,  
 Who make for their *paper* a rout-e;  
 Here's goods for your *gold* at once;  
 Come, out with your *gold*, come out-e.

*You'll ruin the land, we know,*  
 By joining with what we've told-e:  
 But since all your wealth must go,  
 We'll strive to encircle your gold-e.

Come, surely I've told you enough!  
 We have all that you want and wish-e;  
 But pray give us no paper stuff:  
 We come for the loaf and the fish-e.  
     Here we go up, up, up,  
     And here we go down, down-e;  
     Here we go backwards and forwards  
     And here we go round, round, round-e!

---

### VERSES TO THE TORIES.

[By Mr. STANSBURY. These lines appear to have been written in consideration of the hardships endured by persons who on the charge of being inimically disposed towards the interests of America, had been taken into custody by the Whigs, and confined in some interior and remote town.<sup>22</sup>]

COME, ye brave, by Fortune wounded  
 More than by the vaunting Foe,  
 Chear your hearts, ne'er be confounded;  
 Trials all must undergo.  
 Tho' without or Rhyme or Reason  
 Hurried back thro' Wilds unknown,

Virtue's



Virtue's smiles can make a Prison  
Far more charming than a Throne.  
Think not, tho' wretched, poor, or naked,  
Your breast alone the Load sustains:  
Sympathizing Hearts partake it—  
Britain's Monarch shares your Pains.  
This Night of Pride and Folly over,  
A dawn of Hope will soon appear.  
In its light you shall discover  
Your triumphant day is near.

---

### THE CARPET KNIGHT.

[This piece, collated from two of Mr. Stanbury's Manuscripts, offers a renewed evidence of the distaste into which Sir William Howe fell during his occupation of Philadelphia. The Tories were surprized and disgusted at seeing his fine army unemployed in any serious enterprise, and his splendid military capacities yielding to slothfulness, dissipation and extravagance; and, as many thought, even to avarice. The mortal whose charms were preferred, according to the song, to those of Venus herself, was probably a married lady from Jamaica Plains, near Boston, who is named in this same connection, but in rather broader phrase, by Francis Hopkinson, in his *Battle of the Kegs*. The date of this song seems to be December 24th, 1777; shortly after Howe's return to the city from his idle attempt to surprise Washington's Army at Red Bank.<sup>23</sup>]

LATE a Council of Gods from their heavenly abodes  
Were call'd on Olympus to meet;  
*Jove* gave his commands from his throne in the clouds:  
Attend, and his words I'll repeat.

Ye

Ye know, all ye Pow'rs that attend my high Throne,  
 Your Will to my Pleasure must bow:  
 I will, that those Gifts which you prize as your own,  
 Shall now be bestow'd on my *Howe*.

*Astræa*, who long since had quitted the Earth,  
 Presented her Balance and Sword;  
 The Honors derived from Titles and Birth  
 By *Juno* were instant conferred;  
 Fierce *Mars* gave his Chariot; gay *Hermes* his Wand;  
*Alcides*, his Club and his Bow;  
 Sweet *Peace* with her Olive-branch graced his hand;  
 And *Venus*, herself did bestow.

Thus, enrich'd with such Gifts as the Gods can impart,  
 The Hero by *Jove* was address'd;  
 As you wish to reclaim each American heart,  
 Let Justice preside in your breast;  
 Exhibit the blessings of Order and Peace  
 As wide as your Conquests shall spread;  
 Let your Promise be sacred—Rebellion shall cease,  
 And the Laurel shall bloom round your head.

I know that fell *Discord*, your zeal to oppose,  
 Will nourish Sedition and Hate:  
 Mistakes may occur, and Friends suffer with Foes:  
 Yet your Wish is confirmed by Fate.<sup>24</sup>  
 Sweet Peace shall revive from the horrors of War;  
 Her Empire again be restor'd;  
 Affection and Duty shall cover each Scar,  
 And *Howe* by the World be ador'd!

Now with shame must the Muse the sad sequel display;  
 With Sorrow, and Shame, and Surprise:  
 The Gifts of *Astræa* he lost by the way,  
 And her fillet he plac'd o'er his Eyes.

The Arms of *Alcides* he sent to Burgoyne,  
And with them the Chariot of *Mars* :  
For what but Assistance and Weapons divine  
Could finish such Quixotic Wars ?

*Hermes'* Wand was now useless; no Snakes would unite :  
The Olive in vain was display'd ;  
For blessings no longer attended the fight,  
And Loyalty fled from its shade.<sup>25</sup>  
The Gifts sent to Burgoyne return'd to the skies—  
Despairing he yielded his Arms :  
And fair *Venus*, disgusted, beheld with Surprise  
A Mortal preferr'd to her Charms.

---

A FABLE.

[Printed from Mr. Stansbury's Manuscript, and bearing date  
January 24th, 1778.]

IN antient Times, the Poets sing,  
The Lion was elected King ;  
And all the Beasts, with homage due,  
Proffer'd and swore allegiance true  
To him and to his heirs forever ;  
And so far all went smooth and clever.

But his dominions were so large,  
He could not execute his charge  
And give his subjects that protection  
He promis'd them on his election,  
Unless he call'd in some assistance :  
For Brutes, as Men, will make resistance  
To lawful Kings, when at a distance.

}

And

And, as he rul'd with feeblest sway  
 Where Pennyfeather's Forests lay,  
 He named the Leopard, Greyhound, Fox,  
 To hold them as with Bolts and Locks ;  
 Three trusty Brutes to act together  
 As joint Viceroys o'er Pennyfeather.

Some time the project seemed to answer.  
 All day the happy Beasts could dance, or  
 Sing and play a thousand tricks ;  
 Make bows or cringes ; jump o'er sticks ;  
 And do what in their power lay  
 To please the Brutes who bore the Sway.  
 The Viceroys made such large Professions  
 Of guarding every Brute's possessions,  
 As private Virtue, public Zeal,  
 The good of all the Common Weal,  
 Alone inspir'd their patriot Wish :—  
 No distant view of Loaf or Fish.  
 All self and selfish aims subdued,  
 They lived but for the common good.

True Patriots are indeed a rarity ;  
 And yet I may in truth declare it t'ye,  
 They dealt their Cards so well about  
 That no one entertain'd a doubt  
 But *Justice* had resign'd her throne,  
 And left her Scales with them alone.

The tale proceeds : Upon the ground  
 An Ostrich Egg one day was found,  
 By shipwreck cast upon the shore.  
 The Beasts the prize in triumph bore,  
 And laid it at their ruler's feet  
 With honour and obedience meet.



——— I must not dwell  
Too long upon this precious shell.  
What—but an Egg to be divided !  
How can this business be decided !

Why, cries the Fox, this lucky Stroke  
May be improved—the Egg's unbroke—  
Then instant place it on the Strand,  
And careful cover it with Sand ;  
Expose it to the Sun's warm beam,  
And soon the Egg with Life will teem ;  
Produce a Bird of monstrous size  
And weight and worth—a glorious Prize !  
A Prize which we will share together,  
Nor throw away a single Feather.

Sir Fox, cries Leopard, sure you joke,  
Nor think how 'twill the Beasts provoke.  
We rule with delegated Powers ;  
They think the Prize is theirs, not ours.  
Oh, how our Cheeks will burn with Shame  
When they traduce our public Fame,  
And every Rascal cries at pleasure—" he  
" Is one of those that robb'd the Treasury,  
" And smuggled to himself the Gold  
" For which the Egg should have been sold."  
Let my advice this time prevail :  
Expose the Egg to public Sale :  
And whatsoever it shall produce,  
Apply it to the public use.

The Greyhound pauf'd—then thus began :  
I much approve the Leopard's plan.  
What he observes is very true ;  
The Rabble think the Egg their due,

And

And would with endless noise and clatter  
Pursue us, if we smugg'd the matter.  
What we *should* do is mighty plain :  
What we may do, I'll just explain.  
We may amuse the Beasts who crave it,  
And say—the highest bid shall have it.  
But few of them have seen such Fowl,  
Or know an Ostrich from an owl.  
Afraid the Bird may shortly die,  
They'll cautious be, nor bid too high :  
And those who know its worth and use,  
Will swear they would prefer a Goose,  
Or Hen that lays good store of Eggs :  
That bating Feathers, Neck and Legs,  
It was no larger than a Widgeon,  
Nor half so fat as good Squab Pidgeon.  
Then make a Bid with careless Air—  
Not half its Value, you may swear.  
Hence we may take a fair Occasion  
And serve, each one, his own Relation,  
In such a way, the candid must  
And will acknowledge, strictly just.  
Let's instant pay the highest price—  
The Matter's settled in a trice—  
And give our Friends the Egg to nurse ;  
The Public's serv'd—who fares the worse ?  
Pray, why may not our Puppies claim  
Their honest share of Wealth or Fame,  
And fill in time the higher classes ?  
And, cloathed with honor, be just Asses ?

The Speech produc'd a general Smile :  
And 'twas agreed to share the Spoil.



ON THE DOWNFALL OF LEGAL PAPER  
MONEY.

[Written at Philadelphia in the winter of 1777-8, by Mr. STANSBURY, and printed from a collation of his revised manuscript copy with the rough draft. From the allusion in the sixteenth line, the piece would seem to have been addressed to Rev. Dr. William Smith, whose oration on the death of General Montgomery (Feb. 19th, 1776) was long considered a model of patriotic eloquence. Literary tastes and a common religion may have established a congeniality between Dr. Smith and the author which political prejudices need not have destroyed.<sup>26</sup>]

WHEN Charles's Horse, for want of Breath,  
Like others fell a prey to Death,  
No courtier dar'd to raise his head,  
And tell the News, "that he was dead."  
At last they fix'd on Killigrew—  
For what may not a Jester do?  
A licens'd Wag, who, spite of Rule,  
Will speak bold Truths and play the Fool,  
And tell a Monarch to his face  
His Horse is dead, if such the case.

In pride of War, when Heroes fall,  
Then—Eloquence should grace the Pall;  
In nervous Style their Worth proclaim;  
And fix them on the rolls of Fame  
In patriot strains, devoid of flummery,  
Like your Oration on Montgomery.<sup>27</sup>

No Hero's praises claim my Song;  
No praise is due to acting wrong:

To

To burning, stripping, cheating, plundering :  
 Delays, Mistakes and endless blundering :  
 Nor Charles's German horse that's dead :  
 But faith, it is the *Want of Bread*,  
 Which threatens hard, (look e'er so funny)  
 Since the decease of Paper Money.<sup>28</sup>

Seiz'd by a Fit of Opposition  
 Which baffled ev'ry State Physician ;  
 Each lenient Measure tried in vain  
 To bring her back to Health again ;  
 Her nerves so firm and weak by spells ;<sup>29</sup>  
 It posed the Doctors Smith and Wells :  
 And when they order'd stronger Med'cines  
 She languish'd — puked — in fine, is dead since.

Ah ! what avails her former Pride,  
 When busy Commerce roll'd his tide  
 Obedient to her nod ? Her smile  
 Richly repaid the Lab'ers toil.  
 The regal Crown, with Splendor bright,  
 From her has ask'd, and borrow'd Light.  
 Ah ! what avails the Peasant's cry :  
 The tatter'd Vest : the asking Eye :  
 The famish'd Look ! the aking Heart :  
 The Infant's scream : the Parent's smart :  
 The fainting Wife : the Friend expiring,  
 For want of Food and Cloaths and Firing !

In this sad Case, *Humanity* must fail,  
 Nor *Charity* can save the Wretch from Jail !  
 Both want the means to ease the victim's Woe,  
 Since *Gold* is Wealth, and *Paper* only Shew.  
 With heartfelt Sorrow then inscribe her Urn,  
 And bid Posterity the Story mourn.

INSCRIPTION.

Here rests, in hope some future Day to rise  
With former Lustre in these western Skies,  
A Heap of Paper, once by Britain made  
The Life of Commerce, Agriculture, Trade ;  
The Sign of Wealth, and all that Wealth could grant ;  
The Friend of Man, the Antidote of Want !

Tho' by Rebellion now entomb'd awhile,  
This seeming lifeless Heap again shall smile ;  
Again revive—exert her native Fire—  
And shall with Britain flourish or expire !

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ODE

FOR THE YEAR 1778.

[Printed from a contemporaneous Manuscript, and believed to  
have been written by Mr. STANSBURY.]

**W**HEN rival nations, great in arms,  
Great in power, in glory great,  
Fill the world with loud alarms,  
And breathe a temporary hate :  
The hostile storms but rage awhile,  
And the tir'd contest ends.  
But ah ! how hard to reconcile  
The foes who once were friends.

Each

Each hasty word, each look unkind,  
Each distant hint, that seems to mean  
A something lurking in the mind  
That almost longs to lurk unseen;  
Each shadow of a shade offends  
Th' embittered foes who once were friends.

That Pow'r alone, who fram'd the Soul,  
And bade the springs of passion play,  
Can all their jarring strings controul;  
And form, on discord, concord's sway.  
'Tis He alone, whose breath of love  
Did o'er the world of waters move—  
Whose touch the mountain bends—  
Whose word from darkness call'd forth light;  
Tis He alone can reunite  
The foes who once were friends.

To Him, O Britain! bow the knee.  
His awful, his august decree,  
Ye rebel tribes adore!  
Forgive at once and be forgiven:  
Ope in each breast a little heaven;  
And discord is no more!

A PASTORAL SONG.

[By Mr. STANSBURY, and purporting to have been written at Mr. Smith's in the Summer of 1778.]

WHEN War with its bellowing Sound  
Pervades each once happy retreat,  
And Friendship no longer is found  
With those who her praises repeat;  
The good from the crowd may retire,  
And follow sweet Peace to the Grove  
Where Virtue rekindles her fire,  
And raises an altar to Love.

There blest with a sociable few—  
The few that are just and sincere—  
We bid the ambitious adieu,  
And drop them, in pity, a tear.  
We grieve at the fury and rage  
Which burn in the breasts of our foes,  
We fain would that fury assuage;  
We dare not that fury oppose.

With Peace and simplicity blest,  
No troubles our pleasures annoy:  
We quaff the pure stream with a zest  
The temp'rate alone can enjoy.  
Thus innocent, chearful and gay  
The swift-fleeting moments secure:  
An age would seem short as a day  
With pleasures as simple and pure.



## A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

1778,

[By JOSEPH STANSBURY. This piece is a close paraphrase of *Plato's Advice* (Aikin on Song-writing, ed. 1810, p. 340), which itself was an alteration of the Rev. Matthew Pilkington's song, beginning, "Why, Lycidas, should man be vain?" The allusions are easily understood. In 1777, Congress had resolved that the stars and stripes should constitute our flag; and the treaty of alliance with France of February 6th, 1778, had inspired the Whigs of America with the utmost gratitude and confidence.]

SAYS Cato, why should Man be vain,  
 Since bounteous Heav'n prescribes his dates?  
 Or seek with so much fruitless pain  
 To form these independent States?  
 Can striped Flags with Stars bestrown,  
 Or naked Wretches dragg'd to War,  
 Can upstart Honors e'er atone  
 The pangs of Guilt or fierce Despair?

The Merchant's plan, the Farmer's toil,  
 That rais'd our Wealth and Fame so high  
 And made our Plains like Britain's smile,  
 In Dust without Distinction lie.  
 Go, search for Gold the public Chest,  
 Where once abundance heap'd her store—  
 Our Wealth is Paper at the best;  
 And all its Credit is no more.

What tho' the Frenchman crowns the scene,  
 And we miscall him "Mankind's Friend;"  
 Not all his pow'r can Rebels screen—  
 Rebellion's drawing near her end.

Shot



Shot like a Meteor thro' the Skies  
It spread awhile a baleful Train :  
But now, by Jove's command it dies  
And melts to common Air again.

---

TO SIR JAMES WALLACE.

[These verses appear in Robertson's Royal Pennsylvania Gazette, March 24th, 1778; and are there credited to a New York newspaper. Their author is said to have been Dr. ODELL.<sup>30</sup>]

FYE ! fye ! Sir James ! it cruel is  
Of the old Dutchman to make prize.  
Tho', on enquiry, you may find  
It was for good King Cong. designed,  
Do'ft think it is an honest job  
This *Mity* bunch of Kings to rob ?<sup>31</sup>  
The Wine they want to cheer their spirits :  
The Cordage to reward their merits :  
Tea's now no more a curf'd plant ;  
It now has Virtue—which they want.  
Their Linen and their Silks return—  
They're all in rags ; their garments torn !  
Yet e'en of rags nigh destitute—  
The bullion which their friends recruit.  
Tho' by *Experiment*<sup>32</sup> you find  
Their Bark is Jefuits, rescind :  
And I dare tell you, free as wink,  
Detain their *Salt*, they then muft ftink :  
Or, if you mean at all to fave,  
Their Brandy let the Varlets have.<sup>33</sup>

## THE CHURCH-AND-KING CLUB.

[Written by STANSBURY, apparently in the latter part of 1778, for a festive meeting of a loyal association.<sup>34</sup>]

COME, honest Tories, a truce with your Politics ;  
*Hoc age* tells you in Latin as much :  
 Drink and be merry and—à *Melancholy, nix !*  
 'Tis de same ting do I speaks it in Dutch.  
 If old Diogenes lov'd altercation,  
 Had he, sir, a drop of good Wine in his Tub ?  
 Mirth and Good-humour is *our* occupation :  
 Let this be the Rule of the Church-and-King Club.

Well do we know the *Adelphi's* miscarriages,  
 And the disasters of Johnny Burgoyne ;  
 As to Beef-Stakes, no good fellow disparages  
 One who in *battle* finds *leisure to dine*.<sup>35</sup>

Congo pretends (O good Lord, what a Fibber 'tis !)  
 Now to *feel bold*, and to fear no mischance.  
 As well might he say that he fights *for their liberties*,  
 Whom he hath fold in a *mortgage* to France !<sup>36</sup>

Soon shall you see a *rebellious minority*  
 Blush for the part they have acted so long ;  
 Britain shall rouse and regain her authority :  
 Come then, a Bumper, and call t'other Song.  
 If old Diogenes lov'd altercation, &c.

CHURCH

CHURCH AND KING.

[Written by JOSEPH STANSBURY *circa* January, 1779.]

IN days of yore when, free and unconfin'd,  
Man rov'd at large, and his own Will was law,  
No ties restrain'd his selfish savage Mind;  
The Mighty kept the Weak in slavish awe.  
Till some sagacious Soul, pervading thro' the whole,  
To Harmony reduc'd each jarring string;  
And now the tuneful Band obeys the Master's hand,  
While Echo sounds responsive Church and King!

In these, our vain and motley modern times,  
When Whim, not Reason blindly leads the way;  
And Virtue's varnish covers o'er our crimes,  
Abhorrent to the honest face of Day;  
Now Freedom strikes the Lyre, and vainly would  
inspire  
Celestial Ardor to each broken String:  
But we despise the Foe, and by Experience know  
No Harmony's compleat without Church and King.

Tho' Rage vindictive Measures would inspire,  
And hurl promiscuous Ruin far and wide;  
Yet Mercy checks the British Hero's fire  
And Pity gently pours her softening tide.  
By Fate's supreme Decree this happy Year shall see  
The Royal Standard ev'ry Straggler bring,  
Like Sheep, into the Fold from which they thoughtless  
stroll'd,  
To join in lasting Chorus of Church and King.

Then

Then, let each firm and trusty loyal Heart  
 Relate with glee his tale of suff'ring o'er;  
 And think with pride, he bravely play'd his part  
 And reach'd triumphant the long wish'd for shore.  
 The wreath let Victory twine, immortal and divine;  
 The Laurel and the Bay let Fame now bring:  
 While Time shall hobble round, all Pleasures shall  
     abound,  
 And the Virtues and Graces crown Church and King.

---

### TO PEACE.

[From the Manuscripts of JOSEPH STANSBURY.]

**O** COME, light borne on eastern gales,  
 And bid our sorrows cease:  
 With flow'rets crown our smiling Vales  
 Thou gentle Cherub Peace!  
 Efface the horrid marks of War;  
 Each private Grudge remove;  
 With Plenty load the rustic's Car,  
 And fill the Land with Love.

# THE TOWN MEETING.

[This clever but bitter piece was written by JOSEPH STANSBURY, and first published at New York in Rivington's Royal Gazette, No. 286; June 26th, 1779: under the title of *An Historical Ballad of the Proceedings at Philadelphia, 24th and 25th May, 1779, by a Loyalist who happened to pass through the City at that Time, on his way from the Southward to New York.* It is here printed from the text in Rivington, collated with several contemporaneous manuscript copies.<sup>37</sup>]

## CANTO FIRST.

'T WAS on the twenty-fourth of May,  
 A pleasant, warm, sun-shiny day,  
 Militia folks paraded  
 With colours spread, with cannon too;  
 Such loud huzzas, such martial shew;  
 I thought the town invaded!

But when, on closer look, I spied  
 The *Speaker* march with gallant stride,  
 I knew myself mistaken:  
 For he, on Trenton's well-fought day,  
 To Burlington *mistook* his way,  
 And fairly sav'd his bacon.<sup>38</sup>

With him a number more appear'd  
 Whose names their Corporals never heard—  
 To muster-rolls a stranger:  
 To save their fines they took the Gun;  
 Determined with the first to run  
 On any glimpse of danger.

The



The great *M'Clenachan* bestrode  
 His prancing horse, and fiercely rode :  
     And faith, he had good reason !  
 For he was told that, to his sorrow,  
 He, with a number more, tomorrow  
     Should be confin'd in prison.<sup>39</sup>

'Tis said, some speculating job  
 Of his had so inflam'd the mob  
     That they were grown unruly ;  
 And, swearing "by the Eternal God"  
 Such villains now should feel the rod,  
     Resolv'd to "come on coolly."

The People's Majesty—of Laws  
 The proper end, the only cause—  
     Now shone in all its glory!<sup>40</sup>  
 —*Morris* the wife ; *Arnold* the brave ;  
 The double *Mason* ; *Wistar* grave—  
     Confounded with the Tory!<sup>41</sup>

Nor age, nor wealth, nor rank, nor birth  
 Avail'd with these true sons of earth,  
     The offspring of the Valley :  
 For all the lore of ages past  
 What car'd the Statesman with his Last,<sup>42</sup>  
     Or Hero of the Alley ?

Cover'd with sweat, with bawling hoarse,  
 At close of day no tired horse  
     More gladly reach'd his home.  
 Each doff his oaken civic crown :<sup>43</sup>  
 First took a dram—then laid him down  
     And dream'd of joys to come.



CANTO SECOND.

Now Titan rais'd his flaming head,  
And drowsy Centinels to bed  
Retir'd from irksome duty :  
For they were plac'd, as it behov'd,  
To watch if Tory Goods were mov'd,  
That they might share the booty.

The Mob tumultuous instant seize  
With venom'd rage on whom they please;  
The People cannot err!  
Can it be wrong, in Freedom's cause,  
To tread down justice, order, laws,  
When all the mob concur?

But now, thro' *Mitchell's* brazen throat,  
Faction with loud, abusive note  
Proclaim'd a *Grand Town Meeting* :  
Where printer's devils, barber's boys,<sup>44</sup>  
Apprentice lads, express their joys  
The Council Members greeting.

Each vagabond from whipping post,<sup>45</sup>  
Or stranger stranded on the coast,<sup>46</sup>  
May here reform the State:  
The Porter *Will*,<sup>47</sup> and *Shad-roe Jack*,<sup>48</sup>  
And Pompey-like *McKean*, in black,<sup>49</sup>  
Decide a People's fate.

The Trained Bands of Germantown  
With Clubs and Bayonets came down,  
And swell'd the motley train ;  
Resolv'd to change, like him of old,  
Old rags and lampblack<sup>50</sup> into Gold,  
Or Chaos bring again.

And now the State-house yard was full,  
 And Orators so grave, so dull,  
     Appear'd upon the stage:  
 But all was riot, noise, disgrace;  
 And Freedom's sons thro' all the place  
     In bloody frays engage.

Sagacious *Matlack*<sup>51</sup> strove in vain  
 To pour his sense in Dutchmen's brain,  
     With ev'ry art to please:  
 Observ'd "that as their Money fell.  
 "Like Lucifer, to lowest Hell,  
     "Tho' swift, yet by degrees—

"So should it rise, and goods should fall  
 "Month after month, and one and all  
     "Would buy as cheap as ever;  
 "That they lost all, who grasp'd too much"—  
 (This Colonel *Bull*<sup>52</sup> explain'd in Dutch),  
     —But fruitless each endeavour.

With solemn phiz and action slow,  
 Arose the Chairman, *Roberdeau*,<sup>53</sup>  
     And made this humane motion:  
 'That Tories, with their brats and wives,  
 Should fly, to save their wretched lives,  
     From Sodom into—Goshen.'<sup>54</sup>

He central stood, and all the ground  
 With people cover'd, him surround;  
     And thence it came to pass -  
 That, as he spoke with zeal upon't,  
 He turn'd his face to those in front;  
     To those behind, ———

This gave offence—his voice was drown'd.  
He should have shown his face all round,  
Like whirlingig in socket:  
Or, if that did his art surpass,  
He should at least have ta'en ———  
And put it in his pocket.<sup>55</sup>

Then *Hutchinson*,<sup>56</sup> that great bull-calf—  
A gander has more brains by half—<sup>57</sup>  
In croaking, froglike note  
Approv'd the motion, and demands  
The People's sense, by shew of hands,  
To save or damn the vote.

All rais'd their hands, with mighty burst  
Of loud acclaim—The case revers'd,  
All lift their hands again!  
Blue *Bayard* grin'd—that long-ear'd ass—  
With mobs he saw it was a farce  
To reason or explain.

But thoughtful *Rush*,<sup>58</sup> and artful *Gaff*,<sup>59</sup>  
And *Bryan*,<sup>60</sup> too much vex'd to laugh,  
Were fill'd with grief and pity;  
And soon dismiss'd the Rabble Rout:  
Concluding what they were about  
With chusing a Committee.

Hoping to get them more in tune  
Before the twenty-fifth of June,  
Which was the chosen day  
For them to meet by found of Drum;  
Unless the Enemy should come  
And make them run away.

To tell their Tale, away they speed  
 To their *prime mover*, *Joseph Reed*,  
     "*The virtuous and sublime!*"  
 So *virtuous*, that he cheats his friends,  
*Sublimely* cheats to gain his ends;  
     And glories in the crime.

Ambition is his darling theme:  
 Integrity an idle dream  
     That vulgar minds may awe.  
 At home, abroad, with friend or wife,  
 In public or in private life,  
     The tyrant's will is law.

Of deep resentments, wicked, bold,  
 The thirst of Blood, of Power, of Gold,  
     Possess alternate sway:  
 And *Johnstone's* bribe had surely won  
 Rebellion's pale-fac'd matchless son,  
     Had *Mammon* rul'd that day.<sup>61</sup>

But time would fail me to rehearse  
 In my poor limping doggrel verse,  
     His character divine:  
 Suffice it that in *Dunlap's* page,  
*Drawn by himself*, from age to age  
     It shall with splendor shine!<sup>62</sup>

## THE CONGRATULATION.

### A Poem.

*Dii boni, boni quid porto.*—TERENCE.

[Written by Rev. Dr. ODELL, on occasion of the failure of the great expectations entertained by the Americans from the presence in our waters of D'Estaing's fleet during the years 1778 and 1779. This piece appears to have been very popular at the period, being printed at New York in Rivington's Royal Gazette of November 6th, 1779; and again in the Supplement of November 24th.<sup>63</sup>]

JOY to great Congress, joy an hundred fold :  
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd !  
In vain has [Franklin's] artifice been tried,  
And Louis swell'd with treachery and pride :  
Who reigns supreme in heav'n deception spurns,  
And on the author's head the mischief turns.  
What pains were taken to procure D'Estaing !  
His fleet's dispers'd, and Congress may go hang.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold :  
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd !  
Heav'n's King sends forth the hurricane and strips  
Of all their glory the perfidious ships.  
His Ministers of Wrath the storm direct ;  
Nor can the Prince of Air his French protect.  
Saint George, Saint David show'd themselves true  
    hearts ;  
Saint Andrew and Saint Patrick topp'd their parts.  
With right Eolian puffs the wind they blew ;  
Crack went the masts ; the sails to shivers flew.  
Such honest Saints shall never be forgot ;  
Saint Dennis, and Saint Tammany, go rot.<sup>64</sup>

Joy



Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold;  
 The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!  
 Old Satan holds a council in mid-air;  
 Hear the black Dragon furious rage and swear—  
 —Are these the triumphs of my Gallic friends?  
 How will you ward this blow, my trusty fiends?  
 What remedy for this unlucky job?  
 What art shall raise the spirits of the mob?  
 Fly swift, ye sure supporters of my realm,  
 Ere this ill-news the rebels overwhelm.  
 Invent, say any thing to make them mad;  
 Tell them the King—No, Dev'ls are not so bad;  
 The dogs of Congress at the King let loose;  
 But ye, brave Dev'ls, avoid such mean abuse.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold:  
 The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!  
 What thinks Sir Washington of this mischance;  
 Blames he not those, who put their trust in France?  
 A broken reed comes pat into his mind:  
 Egypt and France by rushes are defin'd,  
 Safest of Kingdoms underneath the skies,  
 Kingdoms that could not profit their allies.  
 How could the tempest play him such a prank?  
 Blank is his prospect, and his visage blank:  
 Why from West-Point his armies has he brought?  
 Can nought be done?—fore sighs he at the thought.  
 Back to his mountains Washington may trot:  
*He* take this city—yes, when Ice is hot.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold:  
 The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!  
 Ah, poor militia of the Jersey State,  
 Your hopes are bootless, you are come too late.

Your

Your four hours plunder of New-York is fled,  
And grievous hunger haunts you in its stead.  
Sorrow and fighting seize the Yankee race,  
When the brave Briton looks them in the face :  
The brawny Hessian, the bold Refugee,  
Appear in arms, and lo ! the rebels flee ;  
Each in his bowels griping *spankue* feels;  
Each drops his haversack, and trusts his heels.  
Scamp'ring and scouring o'er the fields they run,  
And here you find a sword, and there a gun.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold ;  
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd !  
The doleful tidings Philadelphia reach,  
And Duffield<sup>65</sup> cries—The wicked make a breach !  
Members of Congress in confusion meet,  
And with pale countenance each other greet.  
—No comfort, brother ?—Brother, none at all.  
Fall'n is our tower ; yea, broken down our wall.  
Oh brother ! things are at a dreadful pass :  
Brother, we finn'd in going to the Mass.  
The Lord, who taught our fingers how to fight,  
For this denied to curb the tempest's might :  
Our paper coin refus'd for flour we see,  
And lawyers will not take it for a fee.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold :  
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd !  
What caus'd the French from Parker's fleet to steal ?  
They wanted thirty thousand casks of meal.  
Where are they now—can mortal man reply ?  
Who finds them out must have a Lynx's eye.  
Some place them in the ports of Chesapeak ;  
Others account them bound to Martinique ;

Some

Some think to Boston they intend to go;  
And some suppose them in the deep below.  
One thing is certain, be they where they will,  
They keep their triumph most exceeding still.  
They have not even Pantagruel's luck,  
Who conquer'd two old women and a duck.<sup>66</sup>

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold:  
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!  
How long shall the deluded people look  
For the French squadron moor'd at Sandy Hook?  
Of all their hopes the comfort and the stay,  
This vile deceit at length must pass away.  
What imposition can be thought on next,  
To cheer their partizans, with doubt perplex'd?  
Dollars on dollars heap'd up to the skies,  
Their value sinks the more, the more they rise;  
Bank notes of bankrupts, struck without a fund,  
Puff'd for a season, will at last be shunn'd.  
Call forth invention, ye renown'd in guile;  
New falsehoods frame in matter, and in style;  
Send some enormous fiction to the press;  
Again prepare the circular address;  
With lies, with nonsense, keep the people drunk:  
For should they once reflect, your power is sunk.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold:  
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!  
The farce of empire will be finish'd soon,  
And each mock-monarch dwindle to a loon.  
Mock-money and mock-states shall melt away,  
And the mock-troops disband for want of pay.  
Ev'n now decisive ruin is prepar'd:  
Ev'n now the heart of Huntington is scar'd.<sup>67</sup>

Seen

Seen or unseen, on earth, above, below,  
All things conspire to give the final blow.  
Heaven has ten thousand thunderbolts to dart ;  
From Hell, ten thousand livid flames will start ;  
Myriads of swords are ready for the field ;  
Myriads of lurking daggers are conceal'd ;  
In injur'd bosoms dark revenge is nurs'd :  
Yet but a moment, and the storm shall burst.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold :  
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd !  
✓ Now War, suspended by the scorching heat,  
Springs from his tent, and shines in arms complete.  
Now Sickness, that of late made heroes pale,  
Flies from the keenness of the northern gale.  
Firmness and Enterprize, united, wait  
The last command, to strike the stroke of Fate.  
Now Boston trembles ; Philadelphia quakes ;  
And Carolina to the center shakes.  
There is, whose councils the just moment scan :  
Whose wisdom meditates the mighty plan :  
He, when the season is mature, shall speak ;  
All Heaven shall plaud him, and all Hell shall shriek.  
At his dread fiat tumult shall retire ;  
Abhor'd rebellion sicken and expire ;  
The fall of Congress prove the world's relief ;  
And deathless glory crown the god-like Chief !

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold :  
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd !  
What now is left of Continental brags ?  
Taxes unpaid, tho' payable in rags.  
✓ What now remains of Continental force ?  
Battalions mould'ring : Waste without resource.



What rests there yet of Continental Sway?  
 A ruin'd People, ripe to disobey.  
 Hate now of men, and soon to be the Jest;  
 Such is your fate, ye Monsters of the West!  
 Yet must on every face a smile be worn,  
 While every breast with agony is torn.  
 Hopeless yourselves, yet hope you must impart,  
 And comfort others with an aching heart.  
 Ill-fated they who, lost at home, must boast  
 Of help expected from a foreign coast:  
 How wretched is their lot, to France and Spain  
 Who look for succour, but who look in vain.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold:  
 The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!  
 Courage, my boys; dismiss your chilling fears:  
 Attend to me, I'll put you in your geers.  
 Come, I'll instruct you how to advertise  
 Your missing friends, your hide-and-seek Allies.  
 O YES!—If any man alive will bring  
 News of the Squadron of the Christian King:  
 If any man will find out Count D'Estaing,  
 With whose scrub actions both the Indies rang:  
 If any man will ascertain on oath  
 What has become of Monsieur de la Mothe:<sup>68</sup>  
 Whoever these important points explains,  
 Congress will nobly pay him for his pains,  
 Of pewter dollars, what both hands can hold,  
 A thimble-full of plate, a mite of gold;  
 The lands of some big Tory he shall get,  
 And start a famous Colonel *en brevet*:  
 And last to honour him (we scorn to bribe)  
 We'll make him chief of the *Oneida* Tribe!<sup>69</sup>



# THE FEU DE JOIE.

## A Poem.

*Urgetur pugna Congressus iniqua.*—VIRGIL.

[Written by the Rev. Dr. ODELL, and printed here from Rivington's Royal Gazette of November 24th, 1779. The gallant and successful defence of Savannah by the British under Prevost, Maitland, and Moncrieffe, and the final repulse of the Allies led by Lincoln and D'Estaing, on the 9th of October, 1779, occasioned great exultation in the British army at New York, and gave origin to these verses. Their title relates to the custom of celebrating any victory or other occasion of triumph in the American (and perhaps in the British) Army, by a general discharge of firearms.]

LET songs of triumph every voice employ,  
And every Muse discharge a *feu de joie* !  
Hail, Congress, hail ! magnificent, renown'd :  
Rejoice, be merry ; the lost Sheep is found !  
You, Congress, knew him by his graceful bleat.  
We only know him by his foul defeat.  
Great Bell Wether, he led his scabby flock  
In apt conjunction with the rebel stock.  
He came, he push'd, he fled with half his train ;  
While sav'd Savannah swell'd with heaps of slain.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
And every Muse discharge a *feu de joie* !  
What awful silence thro' the land prevail'd  
Since Count D'Estaing from St. Domingo sail'd.  
No voice, no breath, no sound, no rumour flew,  
Left Parker should with all his fleet pursue.<sup>70</sup>

No whisper ; no report—but all was mum,  
 Left reinforcements from New York should come.  
 To catch the British napping was their thought :  
 Now, by my faith, a Tartar have they caught.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
 And every Muse discharge a feu de joie !  
 The French, entangled in a dreadful scrape,  
 From the West-Indies made a fine escape.  
 Arriv'd upon the coast, the scene was chang'd :  
 Uncivil Winds their armament derang'd ;  
 Their first reception was exceeding rough ;  
 Howe'er they landed : landed sure enough.  
 Ashore, they vapour and defy the Storm,  
 And soon with *Lincoln's* troops a junction form.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
 And every Muse discharge a feu de joie !  
 Plunder's the Word ; but Plunder soon is o'er.  
 Rob folks of all, and you can rob no more.  
 Live stock or dead, they capture and condemn :  
 Come Whig, come Tory, 'tis the same to them.  
 The Continental gentry stand aghast  
 To see their good Allies devour so fast.  
 Are these the Troops of Louis, Friend of Men ?  
 They're rather Tygers, loosen'd from a Den.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
 And every Muse discharge a feu de joie !  
 The sworn confederates manfully advance  
 In quest of Glory and the Good of France.  
 Go summon, Trumpeter, yon haughty Town :  
 Bid them surrender to the Gallic Crown.<sup>71</sup>  
 What, are they restiff?—scorn they to obey ?  
*Peste*—we'll compel them with what speed we may.

Erect

Erect your batteries, Engineers, in haste :  
Mortars and Cannons in the Works be plac'd.  
Upon the right my valiant French shall load ;  
You Continentals, line th' Augusta road.  
*Moncrieffe* seems active, but he'll soon be sick,  
When shells and balls and bullets rattle thick.<sup>72</sup>

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie !  
The brave D'Estaing encourages his troops,  
And promises good store of drams and soups.  
Work on, work on, ye jolly Pioneers.  
The town shall soon be knock'd about their ears.  
Meantime, strict guard about the camp we'll keep,  
And neither in nor out a mouse shall creep.  
But whence arises, in the dead of night,  
This horrid noise to fill us with affright ?  
Are all the devils got loose ?—D'Estaing cries out.  
—No, sir, 'tis Maitland puts us to the rout.<sup>73</sup>  
Stop him this instant !—Sir, he won't be stopt.  
Chop him — *En verite*, ourselves are chopt.  
The town he shall not enter, I declare,  
—True, noble Count, for he's already there.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie !  
The Gallic Chief, his batteries complete,  
Conceives the British humbled at his feet.  
Full thirty cannons, mortars half a score ;  
No doubt Prevost must tremble at their roar.  
They open, and proclaim Savannah's doom ;  
Hide day with smoke, with flashes night illumine.  
Now whistle through the air the pond'rous plumbs ;  
Now mount aloft, and now descend the bombs.  
Incessant thunders rend the frightened sky,  
And bluffs and hillocks to the sound reply.

Let

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
 And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!  
 What great effect has all this fire produc'd?  
 Here falls an house, and there a turf is loof'd.  
 What, no slain warriors tumbled in the trench?  
 Yes, by the Mafs:—abundance of the French!  
 No cannon yet difmounted can you fee?  
 Oh yes—a number marked with *Fleurs de Lys*.  
 Where are the Yankees?—where they were at firft.  
 What have we got then?—we have got the worft.  
 How can this be? Six days, and nothing done!  
 The cafe is plain—the foe gives three for one.  
 Our thirty cannon have no chance at all,  
 Moncrieffe falutes with ninety from the wall.  
 Pize on't—this way of fiege is moft abfurd:  
 We'll have no more on't—Storm fhall be the word!

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
 And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!  
 The Veterans of France have form'd the line,  
 Expecting daybreak and the promif'd fign.  
 The Rebel Bands are marfhall'd in array,  
 Boaftful and loud, and covetous of prey.  
 What held the Town of beauty, wealth, and power,  
 Was all devoted in that cruel hour.  
 Sore figh'd the Mother, for her Babes afraid;  
 And, anxious for herfelf, the blooming Maid.  
 The Merchant trembled for his crowd'd ftore:  
 One dreadful pause—and all perhaps is gore!  
 So to the rock Andromeda lay bound,  
 When rofe the Monster from the vaft profound:  
 But foon her brave Deliverer fac'd the foe;  
 No matter whether *Perfeus* or *Prevost*.  
 His winged courfer gallant he beftrode;  
 He look'd a Hero, and he mov'd a God!



He met the Monster in his fierce attack,  
And to old Ocean headlong drove him back.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!  
Lo! from the Artillery pours the grand salute:  
Then Silence flows—and all is hush'd and mute.  
Sudden the drum rebellows; swells the fife;  
And all move forward to the mortal strife.  
The shouting warriors and the trumpets shrill  
The meanest heart with martial ardour fill.  
With rapid march advance the hostile rows,  
While British fire the ranks tremendous mows.  
Now nearer still and nearer they engage,  
And War puts on accumulated rage.  
There is the din of battle; there the crash;  
The roaring volley, and the frequent flash.  
There animation in the front appears:  
There charge the chosen Gallic Grenadiers.  
There, where each moment death they take or give,  
Scarce Immortality herself could live!

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!  
Now Slaughter triumphed and resistless strow'd  
With mangled carcases the reeking road.  
Ev'n then, when blood was streaming like a fount,  
*Polaski* rush'd the strong Redoubt to mount.  
Again the grape-shot thunders from the walls:  
He falls—half hero, half a fiend, he falls.  
Off from the field his soldiers bear their chief;  
Art was invok'd, but Art gave no relief;  
Deep in his groin was fix'd the deadly wound.  
Worthless, tho' brave, a glorious fate he found.

Such



Such noble death what right had he to hope,  
 Whose odious Treason merited a Rope?  
 Undaunted minds were made in verse to shine?  
 But hate to parricides blots out the line.  
 Not Valour's self the Traitor can excuse:  
 Him Truth condemns: him execrates the Muse.<sup>74</sup>

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
 And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!  
 Such desperate efforts the battalions thin.  
 Disorder and dismay and rout begin.  
 The worn brigades from fight recoiling swerve;  
 Their courage droops, they faint in every nerve.  
 Yet still remains an excellent resource—  
 Bring to the charge the Continental Force.  
 What ails these Braggadocios of the Land?  
 Won't they come forward?—stiff as Posts they stand.  
 Strange petrification on their host attends.  
 Deuce take the fools, they level at their friends!  
 Some angry Demon sure their sense misleads;  
 See, the French tremble, and their General bleeds.  
 By rebel hands (Lo! Providence is just)  
 The rebels' patron wounded bites the dust.<sup>75</sup>

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
 And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!  
 'Tis done: Confusion sits on every face;  
 Inevitable ruin; foul disgrace.  
 Now Terror domineers, and wild Affright:  
 No hope in Arms: no safety but in Flight.  
 Now, Britons, Hessians and Provincials pour:  
 Arrest the fugitives and bathe in gore.  
 'Tis done:—D'Estaing betakes him to his ship;  
 To Charlestown Yankies thro' the forests slip.

Go reckon up thy loss, amphibious Count ;  
Mark Fifteen Hundred to the full amount :  
Of wounded and of killed an equal train  
Left Lincoln weltering on the bloody plain :  
Whilst forty Britons on the list appear.  
*O Earth confess*, the Hand of Heaven was here !

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie !  
Does Lordly Congress relish this defeat—  
Say, is it pleasant to their souls and sweet?  
What, both o'erthrown, America and France,  
By one small splinter of the British Lance !  
Yet these were they, gigantic in their boast,  
Who swore to chase us from this Western Coast :  
Yet these were they who built flat-bottomed boats,  
And vow'd to drive us like a Flock of Goats.  
Unstable as the sand, their arts shall fail :  
As water weak, they never shall prevail.  
These, Reuben-like, their parent's couch defile ;  
Like Judas, these shall perish in their guile.  
Could the Sword spare them, yet of Heaven accurst  
Their very Bowels would asunder burst.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie !  
Ye poor deluded owners of the soil,  
For others' good who labour and who toil—  
Ye wretches doom'd to sorrowful mistake,  
Who hunger and who thirst for Congress' sake—  
Arouse for Shame : like Men your rights resume,  
And send your Tyrants to the Land of Gloom.  
If Shame prevail not, still let Wisdom plead.  
If both are slighted, Vengeance must succeed.

Your Parent State grows stronger every hour;  
 As yet, its Mercy far exceeds its Power.  
 Your Congress every moment weaker grows.  
 Rags are its Treasure: Honest Men its Foes.  
 Its Building cracks, tho' buttress'd by the Gaul:  
 It nods, it shakes, it totters to its fall.  
 O save yourselves before it is too late!  
 O save your Country from impending Fate!  
 Leave those, whom Justice must at length destroy.  
 Repent, come over, and partake our joy.

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### ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[Written at New York, January 1st, 1780, by Dr. ODELL,  
 and now printed from his Manuscript copy.]

**W**HEN rival Nations first descried,  
 Emerging from the boundless Main  
 This Land by Tyrants yet untried,  
 On high was sung this lofty strain:  
 Rise Britannia beaming far!  
 Rise bright Freedom's morning star!

To distant Regions unexplor'd  
 Extend the blessings of thy sway;  
 To yon benighted World afford  
 The light of thy all-cheering ray;  
 Rise Britannia, rise bright star!  
 Spread thy radiance wide and far!

The

The shoots of Science rich and fair,  
Transplanted from thy fostering Isle  
And by thy Genius nurtur'd there,  
Shall teach the Wilderness to smile.  
Shine, Britannia, rise and shine!  
To bless Mankind the task be thine!

Nor shall the Muses now disdain  
To find a new Asylum there:  
And ripe for harvest see the plain,  
Where lately rovd the prowling Bear.  
Plume, Britannia, plume thy wing!  
Teach the savage Wild to sing!

From thee descended, there the Swain  
Shall arm the Port and spread the Sail,  
And speed his traffick o'er the Main  
With skill to brave the sweeping Gale;  
Skill, Britannia, taught by thee,  
Unrival'd Empress of the Sea!

This high and holy strain how true  
Had now from age to age been shown;  
And to the World's admiring view  
Rose Freedom's transatlantic throne:  
Here, Britannia, here thy fame  
Long did we with joy proclaim.

But ah! what frenzy breaks a band  
Of love and union held so dear!  
Rebellion madly shakes the land,  
And love is turn'd to hate and fear.  
Here, Britannia, here at last  
We feel Contagion's deadly blast.

Thus



Thus blind, alas ! when all is well,  
Thus blind are Mortals here below :  
As when apostate Angels fell,  
Ambition turns our blifs to woe.  
Now, Britannia, now beware :  
For other conflicts now prepare !

By thee controul'd for ages past,  
See now half Europe in array :  
For wild Ambition hopes at last  
To fix her long projected sway.  
Rise, Britannia, rise again  
The scourge of haughty France and Spain !

The howling tempest fiercely blows,  
And Ocean rages in the storm :  
'Tis then the fearless Pilot shows  
What British courage can perform.  
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves  
And ruin all intruding slaves !

THE



# THE LORDS OF THE MAIN.

TUNE: *Nottingham Ale.*

[Published at New York, February 16th, 1780, in Rivington's Royal Gazette, and believed to have been written by STANSBURY. In this, as in the piece immediately preceding, reference is made to the hostilities between Spain and England which had broken out in the past summer. The other allusions to Carpenter's Hall at Philadelphia, where Congress met; to Congress itself, and to the French Alliance, will be readily understood. The tenth line of the last Stanza seems to have been a favorite: it is already used by the poet in an earlier page of this volume.]

WHEN Faction, in league with the treacherous  
     Gaul,  
 Began to look big and paraded in state;  
 A meeting was held at *Credulity Hall*,  
 And Echo proclaim'd their Ally *good and great!*  
     By sea and by land  
     Such wonders are plann'd;  
 No less than the bold British Lion to chain!  
     *Well hove!* says *Jack Lanyard*,  
     French, Congo and Spaniard,  
*Have at you*—remember we're Lords of the Main!  
     Lords of the Main—aye, Lords of the Main;  
 The Tars of Old England are Lords of the Main.

Though party-contention a while may perplex,  
 And lenity hold us in doubtful suspense;  
 If perfidy rouse, or ingratitude vex  
 In defiance of Hell we'll chastise the offence.  
     When danger alarms,  
     'Tis then that in arms

United

United we rush on the foe with disdain :

And when the storm rages

It only presages

Fresh triumphs to Britons, as Lords of the Main.

Lords of the Main—ay, Lords of the Main—

Let *Thunder* proclaim it, we're Lords of the Main.

Then Britons, *strike home*—make sure of your blow :

The chase is in view ; never mind a lee-shore.

With vengeance o'ertake the confederate foe :

'Tis now we may rival our heroes of yore !

Brave *Anson* and *Drake*,

*Hawke*, *Russell* and *Blake*,

With ardour like your's we defy France and Spain !

Combining with *Treason*

They're deaf to all reason :

Once more let them *feel* we are Lords of the Main.

Lords of the Main—ay, Lords of the Main—

The first-born of Neptune are Lords of the Main.

Nor are we alone in the noble career ;

The *Soldier* partakes of the generous flame :

To glory he marches, to glory we steer ;

Between us we share the rich harvest of fame.

Recorded on high,

Their names never die,

Of heroes by sea and by land what a train !

To the *King*, then, God blefs him !

The *World* shall confess him

'The Lord of those men who are Lords of the Main.'

Lords of the Main—ay, Lords of the Main—

The Tars of Old England are Lords of the Main.

LIBERTY.

# LIBERTY.

["The following piece" says Rivington's Royal Gazette, No. 352, February 12th, 1780, "is supposed to be written by a Loyalist without the lines." There is satisfactory evidence, however, that Mr. STANSBURY was its author.]

WHEN at first this land I prest,  
Pleasing rapture fill'd my breast;  
Swains in carols sweet and free  
Sung the praise of Liberty.  
Now their Halcyon days are o'er;  
Fled to some more happy shore.  
There, from civil Discord free  
Dwells the Goddess Liberty.

At Bellona's harsh alarms  
Simple yeomen shine in arms.  
Brother slain by brother, see!  
Dreadful fruits of Liberty.  
Law and order prostrate lie;  
*Commonwealth* is all the cry.  
Tho' we slaves at present be  
'Tis all for glorious Liberty.

What tho' Commerce droops her head,  
All her sons to deserts fled:  
Let's to *Clinton* bow the knee;  
We're secure of Liberty.  
Wealth propitious swells our store;  
All our Coffers running o'er;  
Dollars cheap as dirt shall be.  
Who wou'd not fight for Liberty?

Splendid

Splendid honours I disdain :  
 Crowns of Kings are lin'd with Pain.  
 Friendship only give to me,  
 Social joys, and Liberty.  
 Let me in my humble sphere  
 Free from envy, free from care,  
 Spend the days allotted me  
 Blest with Peace and Liberty.

---

FREEDOM.

[Collated from two versions in the Manuscripts of Mr. STANSBURY, and dated March 5th, 1780. It is hardly necessary to add that the song is ironical.]

**T**O Freedom raise the lofty song.  
 Sublimest joys to her belong.  
 'Tis she that smooths the face of War;  
 Hides with laurel ev'ry scar.  
 Huzza for the blessings of Freedom, oh !

To her we owe, that fix'd as fate  
 Appears our independent State;  
 Our crowded ports and growing trade;  
 Honours too, which ne'er shall fade.  
 These, these are the blessings of Freedom, oh !

'Tis She produc'd those wise and great  
 And honest men who rule the State;  
 To meaner trades no more confined—  
 Awls and hand-saws left behind—  
 How great are the blessings of Freedom, oh !

Some

Some wretches may disgrace the Cause  
(For human nature's full of flaws)  
And filch away the public wealth :  
Speculate — by way of stealth —  
Disgracing the banners of Freedom, oh !

The Tories cry our Paper down ;  
Count forty dollars but a crown :  
For which we'll tax and plague them more  
Than Pharaoh's slaves in days of yore ;  
And all for the honour of Freedom, oh !

Then fill the glass to Freedom, oh !  
Fill up the glass to Freedom, oh !  
May the present contest hold  
Till my Paper's turn'd to Gold —  
Then, a fig for the battle for Freedom, oh !



## ON ADMIRAL ARBUTHNOT.

A PASQUINADE STUCK UP AT NEW YORK, AUGUST 12TH,  
1780.

[This piece is attributed to Mr. STANBURY, and is a fair example of the manner in which the inertness of the English leaders was criticized by the loyalists. It is preserved in the *Political Magazine*, vol. II, p. 291 (London, May, 1781). It refers to the failure of Sir Henry Clinton's plan of an attack on the French fleet and troops lately arrived at Rhode Island by a co-operation of the British land and naval forces from New York.<sup>76</sup>]

O F Arbuthnot, my friend, pray tell me the news;  
What's done by his ships and their brave gallant  
crews?

Has the old English man shewn old English spunk  
And the ships of the French burnt, taken, or funk?

In truth, my good sir, there has been nothing like it.  
'Tis easier to threaten a blow, than to strike it.  
No ship has been taken, or frigate, or lugger:  
Nor e'en a poor Frenchman for jacktars ———  
Though this was a promise so solemnly made  
When he call'd on the sailors to give him their aid:  
Yet himself he has hid under Gardiner's Island,  
And swears the French ships must be now taken *by* land.

A PASQUINADE.

STUCK UP AT NEW YORK ON THE 25TH OF AUGUST, 1780.

[By STANSBURY ; preserved in II Political Magazine, 291.  
“The rebels were then carrying off forage, and burning houses in  
fight of General Clinton.”]

HAS the Marquis la Fayette  
Taken off all our hay yet ?  
Says Clinton to the wise heads around him :  
Yes, faith, great Sir Harry,  
Each stack he did carry,  
And likewise the cattle—confound him !

Besides he now goes  
Just *under your nose*,  
To burn all the houses to cinder.  
If that be his project,  
It is not an object  
Worth a great man's attempting to hinder.

For forage and house  
I care not a louse ;  
For revenge let the loyalists bellow.  
I swear I'll not *do* more  
To keep them in humour,  
Than play on my violencello.

Since

Since Charles Town is taken,  
'Twill fure save my bacon :  
I can live a whole year on that fame, Sir.  
Ride about all the day ;  
At night, concert or play ;  
So a fig for those men that dare blame, Sir.

If growlers complain  
I inactive remain,  
*Will do nothing, nor let any others ;*  
'Tis fure no new thing  
*To serve thus our King ;*  
Witness Burgoyne and two famous Brothers !

A POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM JOSEPH STANSBURY TO HIS WIFE.

[Printed from the original Manuscript, which is dated ‘Saturday night, 23rd December, 1780.’ From the tenor of these lines, we may infer that Stanbury had come to Philadelphia, and was waiting permission from the President and Executive Council of Pennsylvania to return to New York. The jocular reference to the cause of delay may relate to Francis Hopkinson, Judge of Admiralty, and the only Judge at the time, who was also known “as a Wit and a Poet beside,” in the city. Mr. Hopkinson’s witty *Letter on Whitewashing* may also be alluded to.]

MY Dear,  
You’ll not wonder I’m almost in vapours !  
This merciless, graceless detention of Papers—  
When my head and my heart were as light as a Cork,  
With the hope of a safe and quick passage to York—  
Is almost too much for a Mortal to bear !  
But Prudence suggests we should never despair ;  
And Reason points out that Good Humour and  
Patience  
Are better Companions than half our Relations ;  
Take off the rough edge of illnature and malice  
And make our dark Prison as gay as a Palace.

Tho’ kept in suspense, yet, my dear, don’t pronounce ill  
Of President’s views, or intentions of Council.  
Such baseless opinions I’m sure you will alter  
When once you reflect that a hugeous Defaulter,  
A Judge, and a Wit, and a Poet beside,  
For some small Offences this day has been tried.

Small

Small Offences ! you cry—yes, my dear—and with  
reason :

For Bribery's nothing compared with Treason.  
And what was this bribe ? Why, a glass of good Wine,  
Which all men in office should have when they dine.  
Whether paid for when bought, or a month or two after,  
Might furnish the court with a subject for laughter ;  
Which Judges and Council, a pack of fly elves,  
Most wisely determin'd to keep to themselves :  
Afraid lest the Secret should 'scape thro' the key-hole,  
The method of changing a Black to a Creole—  
Or, if the comparison is not too trite,  
The Secret of making a Blackamoor white !

A Cause so important has made me lose one day ;  
Tomorrow must follow, because it is Sunday ;  
And Heav'n only knows what will happen on Monday. }

These Rhymes would scarce pass in a Ring for a Poesy ;  
Yet, please to accept them, as coming from *Josely*.

INVITATION.



INVITATION.

[By JOSEPH STANSBURY, then at New York. Printed from the original Manuscript, which is dated January 10th, 1781. These lively lines contain some covert satire on the royal leaders, and the encouragement they then bestowed on worthless seceders from the American Cause. A class of arrivals not enumerated, however, by the poet, is described in the Manuscripts of one of his friends, also a refugee at this period in New York.—“Our little half-demolished town here seems crowded to the full, and almost every day produces fresh inhabitants. Two or three days ago, five or six waggon loads of women and children were sent in from Albany, in imitation of the prudent policy of Philadelphia. It was impossible to see them without pain, driving about the streets, in the forlorn attitudes which people fatigued with travelling and riding in waggons naturally fall into, making fruitless searches for their husbands and their fathers.”]

**Y**E Members of Congress and Councils of State,  
By Rebellion who hope to become rich and great;  
The project, tho' bulky, is lighter than Cork,  
Then quit it in time, and come hither to York.

You'll here see an Army polite and well-fed;  
And crowds of fine folks, who lay three in a bed;  
With Ladies too wise to be shut up in Cloisters,  
Or live upon Pulse, when there's plenty of Oysters.

If Musters, Fines, Taxes, improv'd beyond reason,  
Or loyal attachment transformed to Treason,  
Have wasted your Means or your Patience, come all  
Where you'll pay, *for the present*, no Taxes at all.

But

But first load a Vessel with lumber, and send her :  
 'Tis true she may meet with some Man of War's  
 Tender.

My *Shelah* fell in with the *Savage* and *Triton* ;  
 They sold her, and left me the subject to write on.<sup>77</sup>

If Loyal, come freely—if Rebel, come too ;  
 Only come *without* leave, it is all you've to do.  
 Take the Oath, and declare you was forc'd to this push ;  
 And if *York* will not suit you, repair to *Flatbush*.<sup>78</sup>

You'll there find a country in which you may thrive ;  
 And two dollars, from you, will go farther than five  
 From a poor Refugee : and the reason is clear—  
 ' It is good to provide lest the Rebels come here.'

Here plenty of all things for Cash may be had ;  
 If that should be wanting, your case will be bad.  
 Yet Money's so plenty, you'll find, to your cost,  
 That Gold, like your Paper, its value has lost.<sup>79</sup>

Should Fortune deny you a Mattrafs or Bed,  
 Or a Closet or Hovel to shelter your head ;  
 Conceal your chagrin, and a Volunteer enter,  
 And swear you came here Life and Fortune to venture !

If this should not suit you, you may if you please  
 Join freely with loyal and brave Refugees,  
 And plunder your Friends and your Foes, great and  
 small ;  
 And if you are caught, why—they'll hang you, that's  
 all.

They'll

They'll hang you, that's all—I repeat it again :  
And that, you'll confess, puts an end to your pain.  
'Tis what you are used to—but *here*, by the Lord !  
Theft, rapine and murder may smile at the Cord.

But, joking apart, all the difference I find  
'Twixt this place and that I left lately behind ;  
I lie down in *peace*, and in *safety* arise,  
And *Liberty's* mine, an invaluable prize.

So here I enjoy, with unspeakable pleasure,  
The objects for which so much bloodshed and treasure  
Have idly been wasted by both sides, I fear :  
And all who would taste them, should wisely come here.

If all in Rebellion would take this advice,  
The rupture so wide would be clos'd in a trice.  
Forgetting past Quarrels we'd happily sing,  
Hearts and voices united, *O God Save the King !*

## ODE

FOR THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY AT NEW YORK.

[By Mr. STANSBURY : written in 1781, and printed from his Manuscript.<sup>80</sup>]

**I**N early Time, e'er infant Law  
 From Wisdom's bed  
 Had rear'd her head,  
 The tyrant kept his slaves in awe.  
 Justice feebly pois'd the scale :  
 Wisdom only could prevail.

In vain the aged Matron weeps  
 O'er blushing Beauty's rifled charms ;  
 Her eyes on Heaven in vain she keeps :  
 The fainting Virgin fills the Robber's arms.  
 Secure he riots o'er his helpless prey,  
 Mocks all her woes, and bears the prize away !

Now brighter days began to dawn.  
 Oppression saw the light, and fled :  
 In dark Cocytus plung'd her head  
 Beneath the infernal wave.  
 Fair Freedom gilt the spreading Lawn ;  
 Her sons confest a generous flame :  
 Each ardent Hero pants for fame,  
 By gallant deeds to build a deathless name,  
 Or fill a nobler grave.  
 Immortal Glory high in air  
 The heavenly standard spread !  
 The laurel Wreath,  
 The marble Bust,

The

The trophied canvals, and sweet Clio's page  
Defy, O Time, thy utmost rage.  
The good and just  
Her spirit breathe.  
'Tis Glory fires the Hero's prayer,  
And crowns th' heroic dead.

Swift at her call in every clime  
Her sons appear in Virtue's cause;  
Valour supplied the force of laws,  
And rais'd their fame sublime.

'Twas thus great George our Patron shone.  
No Virgin then was heard complain:  
No injur'd Matron sued in vain:  
To distant lands his fame was known.

The friend of Man, the Tyrant's foe,  
His bosom felt a generous glow  
To succour the distressed:  
To latest times are handed down  
His gallant deeds, his just renown:  
And make his Memory blest.

In honor of his natal day,  
His Sons their annual homage pay  
And emulate their Sire.  
Nor shall their grateful tribute end,  
Till final peals the Heavens shall rend  
And wrap this Earth in fire.



## A SONG

FOR ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1781.

TUNE: *The King's Old Courtier.*

[Written by STANSBURY at New York, and printed from his Manuscript.]

ON this day our Countrymen, ages before ye,  
 Have sung of St. George, long remember'd in  
 story,  
 The Patron of England, resplendent in Glory.  
 Then Huzza for St. George and Old England!  
 St. George and Old England, huzza!

Some Wits have pretended that George, like old Dagon,  
 Had little of Courage and Glory to brag on;  
 Himself a tame Priest, and a Faction the Dragon.

And *Dick*, of good fellows the pride and the life,  
 Imagined, to keep up the whimsical strife,  
 St. George was a Bully—the Dragon his Wife.

Tho' this explanation may now raise your laughter,  
 Could he punish a Wife, he can punish a Daughter,  
 And all his bad Children, we'll show you hereafter.

He can punish his children connected with France,  
 Who exulting Rebellion's striped Standard advance:  
 Repenting they soon must submit to his Lance.

And

And when to their Duty recover'd again,  
And humbled the Pride of France, Holland and Spain,  
His Flag spread in triumph shall govern the Main.

Then Clinton and Rodney and all gallant Souls,  
Whose zeal for their country her fortune controuls,  
On this day we'll honour with full flowing Bowls.

And while of St. George with fresh ardour we sing,  
We'll pledge his great Namesake, our patriot King,  
And loud with his Praise may the Universe ring.

So huzza for St. George and Old England !

St. George and Old England, huzza !

ON THE REVIVAL OF THE CHURCH-  
AND-KING CLUB.

NEW YORK, FEB. 21ST, 1781.

[From the Manuscripts of JOSEPH STANSBURY.]

WHEN a vile rebel band from Britannia's strong  
hand  
Would fain pluck the Sceptre and Ball,  
For our Church and our King we will fight or we'll sing;  
And with them we will stand or will fall.  
Then come let us play,  
And keep holiday  
To celebrate Church and King.

A Club so renown'd, with such choice Spirits crown'd;  
Where honour and humour attend;  
Should not flag or decay while the Sun rules the day,  
Nor till Time his long journey shall end.

Thus united we'll meet, while our Army and Fleet  
The fame of old England advance;  
Till from East to the West we stand victors confest  
O'er the Congress, the Spaniards and France!

When that æra arrives, with our Sweethearts and Wives  
In Chorus we'll joyfully sing  
A hymn to sweet Peace; may her blessings increase,  
And surround both the Church and the King!  
Oh, then how we'll play,  
And keep holiday,  
To celebrate Church and King!

SONG

SONG

FOR A VENISON DINNER AT MR. BUNYAN'S :  
NEW YORK, 1781.

[By STANSBURY : collated from two Manuscript copies. This piece was apparently written on occasion of an arrival of fresh provisions from beyond the British lines.<sup>81</sup>]

FRIENDS, push round the bottle, and let us be  
drinking  
While Washington up in his mountains is flinking.  
Good faith, if he's wife he'll not leave them behind him,  
For he knows he's safe nowhere where Britons can find  
him.

When he and Fayette talk of taking this city,  
Their vaunting moves only our mirth and our pity.

But tho' near our lines they're too cautious to tarry,  
What courage they shew when a hen-roost they harry !  
Who can wonder that Poultry and Oxen and Swine  
Seek shelter in York from such Valour divine ;  
While Washington's jaws and the Frenchman's are  
aching  
The spoil they have lost to be boiling and baking.

Let Clinton and Arnold bring both to subjection,  
And send us more Geese here to seek our Protection.  
Their flesh and their feathers shall meet a kind greeting :  
A fat Rebel Turkey is excellent eating :  
A Lamb fat as butter, and white as a Chicken—  
These forts of tame Rebels are excellent picking.

Today

Today a wild Rebel has smoaked on the Table :  
You've cut him and flic'd him as long as you're able.  
He bounded like Congo, and bade you defiance ;  
And plac'd on his running his greatest reliance.  
But Fate overtook him and brought him before ye,  
To shew how Rebellion will wind up *her* Story.

Then chear up, my lads: if the Prospect grows rougher,  
Remember from whence, and for whom 'tis, you suffer :  
From Men whom mild Laws, and too happy Condition,  
Have puffed up with Pride and inflam'd with Sedition :  
For George, whose reluctance to punish Offenders  
Has strengthened the hands of these upstart Pretenders.



THE ROYAL OAK.

[By JOSEPH STANSBURY : printed from his Manuscript, dated  
May 2nd, 1781.<sup>82</sup>]

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's supreme com-  
mand,  
Emerging rose from out the azure main ;  
This was the Charter of the favour'd Land,  
And crouds of Guardian Angels sung this strain :  
Secure while Ocean roars around your chalky  
shores,  
Thy Genius shall defy each hostile stroke ;  
The Fates for you ordain the empire of the  
Main,  
And Glory hovers over your Walls of Oak.

The Oak, an emblem of your future fame,  
Abides unmov'd the elemental strife ;  
And one day shall acquire a glorious Name  
By shielding in his arms great Charles's life.  
Then filling earth and skies your mighty deeds shall  
rise :  
No nation then shall dare your rage provoke.  
From the East unto the West, to Neptune's Sons  
confest,  
The world shall bow in homage to the Royal Oak.

Then shall the long expected day appear  
When Britain's King shall be as good as great ;  
Rever'd by Foes, and to his People dear ;  
The Friend and Father of a mighty State.  
Yet Faction in his days her hydra-head shall raise,  
And wrap her spotted Carcase in a Patriot's cloak :  
But Clinton on the shore shall banish'd Peace  
restore,  
And Arbuthnot rule the main in the Royal Oak.

Arbuthnot, train'd for half an age to war ;  
To face death and danger where glory points the way ;  
And, often borne on Victory's beaming car  
Enjoy'd the triumph of the well-fought day —  
May he with vengeance fall on the perfidious Gaul,  
And strew their pale-faced Lilies o'er the main ;  
That, as they run away, D'Astouche himself shall  
say,  
“ Begar, me n'engage pas *Royal Oak* again !

WOODLANDS.

WOODLANDS.

[Printed from Mr. STANSBURY'S Manuscript copy. Whence its title the editor cannot say. It is dated December 24th, 1782, at which period Stansbury must have been in New York, and could not therefore have written this piece at the Woodlands on Schuylkill, the seat of a brother tory, Mr. William Hamilton.]

WHEN Terror to Madnefs had near work'd the  
brain,  
How sweet to return to cool Reason again !  
To find that our hopes in our Country were just :  
That Subjects with George might their Liberties trust.

Now Time from the eyes of the Vulgar has drawn  
*Burke's* fine cobweb reasonings—those curtains of lawn.<sup>83</sup>  
The Man of the People the People despise,  
As children those Toys which a moment they prize.

When Rodney the lucky with his Seamen brave  
Stood forth like true Britons their Country to save ;  
The conquest to Neptune so pleasing was found,  
Their temples with Laurel and Seaweed he crown'd.

And now brighter prospects are spread to our view ;  
Fresh honour prefaging this Year that is new ;  
Indulge we the hope War its horrors may cease,  
And all Men enjoy soon the Blessings of Peace.

When

When Peace shall return here, and bring in her train  
 Ease, Love, Joy, and Plenty, to brighten the Plain :  
 The Sword and Spear be to *Ares* resign'd,  
 And the Plough, Loom and Sail then shall comfort  
 mankind.

Foul Faction and discord no more shall be known ;  
 But Love, Pity and Kindness shall sit on a throne  
 To which all around us shall joyfully bend,  
 And Peace crown our shores till the World's at an end.

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## A CHRISTMAS SONG

FOR 1782.

[By STANSBURY : printed from the original Manuscript. The verse alluding to Carlton and Washington, under the names of Guy and Hannibal, seems to have been designed for obliteration by the poet.]

**N**OW that Christmas-time is come,  
 Sound the Fife and beat the Drum :  
 We'll live cheerily,  
 We'll sing merily,  
 Now that Christmas-time has come.

Be the future Peace or War,  
 We're resolv'd to banish Care :  
 We'll lay sorrow by,  
 And tomorrow try  
 Whether it be Peace or War.

Why

Why should we our moments lose  
For a choice we cannot chuse?

Since we cannot tell  
Guy or Hannibal  
Conquer will—no moments lose!

Life, by Fear and Care destroy'd,  
Longest seems when most enjoy'd.

Let us live a day;  
And not give away  
What by Care is soon destroy'd.

Hope her brightest banner spreads:  
Victory dazzles o'er our heads:

Britain rises high,  
Rebel Prizes fly;  
Now, while Hope her banner spreads.

Soon shall Congress, France, and Spain,  
With themselves in Port again;

While the Dutchman's fate  
Makes him cry too late;  
Curse on Congress, France and Spain!

Fill your Bumpers, charge them high:  
Britain's name shall fill the sky!

Prone her foes be hurl'd:  
Peace she'll give the world:  
And her Fame shall never die!

LET



LET US BE HAPPY AS LONG AS WE CAN.

*A Song.*

[Printed from the original Manuscript of JOSEPH STANSBURY, and evidently adapted to the situation of the tory refugees at New York, during the latter part of 1782 and the commencement of 1783, when the prospect was daily growing stronger of Great Britain relinquishing the War. In this juncture many of the loyalists foresaw the difficulties attendant on their choice of a future place of abode, when the protection of the king's troops should be withdrawn.]

I'VE heard in old times that a Sage us'd to say  
The Seasons were nothing—December or May—  
The Heat or the Cold never enter'd his Plan;  
That all should be happy whenever they can.

No matter what Power directed the State,  
He look'd upon such things as order'd by Fate.  
Whether govern'd by many, or rul'd by one Man,  
His rule was—be happy whenever you can.

He happen'd to enter this world the same day  
With the supple, complying, fam'd Vicar of Bray.  
Thro' both of their lives the same principle ran:  
My boys, we'll be happy as long as we can.

Time-serving

Time-serving I hate, yet I see no good reason  
A leaf from their book should be thought out of season.  
When kick'd like a foot-ball from Sheba to Dan,  
Egad, let's be happy as long as we can.

Since no one can tell what tomorrow may bring,  
Or which side shall triumph, the Congress or King;  
Since Fate must o'errule us and carry her plan,  
Why, let us be happy as long as we can.

Tonight let's enjoy this good Wine and a Song,  
And relish the hour which we cannot prolong.  
If Evil will come, we'll adhere to our Plan  
And baffle Misfortune as long as we can.

## GOD SAVE THE KING.

[Collated from two Manuscript versions and written by Mr. STANSBURY, at New York but a short time before the end of the war.]

**T**IME was, in defence of his King and the Right,  
We applauded brave Washington foremost in  
fight:

On the banks of Ohio he shouted lustily

God save the King!

Disappointed ambition his feet has misled;

Corrupted his heart and perverted his head:

Loyal no longer, no more he cries faithfully

Glory and joy crown the King!<sup>84</sup>

With Envy inflam'd 'tis in Britain the same;

Where leaders, despairing of virtuous fame,

Have push'd from their seats those whose watchword  
was constantly

God save the King!

The helm of the State they have clutched in their grasp

When American Treason is at its last gasp:

When Firmness and Loyalty soon should sing valiantly

Glory and Joy crown the King!

But Britain, with Glory and Conquest in view,

When nothing was wanted, but just to pursue—

To yield—while her Heroes chanted triumphantly

God save the King!

With curses consign to the Furies his Name,

Whose Counsels thus cover'd his Country with shame!

Loyalists still will chant, tho' heavily,

Glory and Joy crown the King.

Tho'

Tho' ruin'd so deeply no Angel can save :  
The Empire dismember'd: our King made a Slave :  
Still loving, revering, we shout forth honestly  
    God save the King !  
Tho fated to Banishment, Poverty, Death,  
Our Hearts are unalter'd, and with our last breath  
Loyal to George, we'll pray most fervently  
    Glory and Joy crown the King !

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## THE UNITED STATES.

[These lines, by Mr. STANSBURY, are written on the back of his *God save the King*. Their date is probably about that of the recognition by England of our independence.]

NOW this War at length is o'er ;  
Let us think of it no more.  
Every Party Lie or Name,  
Cancel as our mutual Shame,  
Bid each wound of Faction close,  
Blushing we were ever Foes.

Now restor'd to Peace again,  
Active Commerce ploughs the Main ;  
All the arts of Civil Life  
Swift succeed to Martial Strife ;  
Britain now allows their claim,  
Rising Empire, Wealth, and Fame,

## TO CORDELIA.

[These lines were addressed to his wife by Mr. STANSBURY from Nova Scotia ; whither at the close of the Revolution he had retired with many other tory refugees. They are printed from a manuscript copy collated with a version published at Philadelphia, in 1805, on page 140 of *The Evening Fireside*—a literary periodical chiefly supported among the Quakers.]

**B**ELIEVE me, Love, this vagrant life  
 O'er Nova Scotia's wilds to roam,  
 While far from children, friends, or wife,  
 Or place that I can call a home  
 Delights not me ;—another way  
 My treasures, pleasures, wishes lay.

In piercing, wet, and wintry skies,  
 Where man would seem in vain to toil  
 I see, where'er I turn my eyes,  
 Luxuriant pasture, trees and foil.  
 Uncharm'd I see :—another way  
 My fondest hopes and wishes lay.

Oh could I through the future see  
 Enough to form a settled plan,  
 To feed my infant train and thee  
 And fill the rank and style of man :  
 I'd cheerful be the livelong day ;  
 Since all my wishes point that way.

But



But when I see a fordid shed  
Of birchen bark, procured with care,  
Design'd to shield the aged head  
Which British mercy placed there—  
'Tis too, too much: I cannot stay,  
But turn with streaming eyes away.

Oh! how your heart would bleed to view  
Six pretty prattlers like your own,  
Expos'd to every wind that blew;  
Condemn'd in such a hut to moan.  
Could this be borne, Cordelia, say?  
Contented in your cottage stay.

'Tis true, that in this climate rude,  
The mind resolv'd may happy be;  
And may, with toil and solitude,  
Live independent and be free.  
So the lone hermit yields to slow decay:  
Unfriended lives—unheeded glides away.

If so far humbled that no pride remains,  
But moot indifference which way flows the  
stream;  
Resign'd to penury, its cares and pains;  
And hope has left you like a painted dream;  
Then here, Cordelia, bend your pensive way,  
And close the evening of Life's wretched day.

NOTES

# NOTES.





## NOTES.

### NOTE 1, Page 1.

**A**LTHOUGH the date of this piece is anterior to the commencement of hostilities between England and America, its allusions to the "party contentions" which were already beginning to rage, may justify its insertion here. Of the author, Mr. JOSEPH STANSBURY, the editor is not able to give much information. He was an Englishman who had emigrated to America several years previously. The following verses were perhaps the first fruits of his Muse in his adopted land. They are given from a manuscript version collated with that printed in the *Evening Fireside* (Philadelphia, 1805), page 124; and purport to have been written by Mr. Stansbury on his arrival in Pennsylvania towards the end of the year 1767.

### MY NATIVE LAND.

Borne by Eolus o'er the Atlantic waves,  
To Indian lands unknown I wayward stray,  
Whose verdant bosom silver Schuylkill laves;  
Stately and silent as the close of day,  
Where rears the lofty spire its gilded crest,  
And thriving Commerce drives the busy Car,  
In solemn pomp, by liberal Nature drest,  
Majestic rolls the mighty Delaware,

'Tho'



Tho' soothing Friendship here her healing balm,  
 From unexpected hands, benign bestows,  
 And o'er life's troubled surface spreads a calm  
 Which lulls to silent rest my former woes ;  
 Still painful Memory prompts the gushing tear,  
 (Her retrospective mirror in her hand,)  
 When lively images of kindred dear  
 Inspire the wish to see my native land.

Tho' manly health with each returning sun,  
 Sheds choicest blessings on my favour'd head,  
 And when this busy varied day is done  
 Still keeps his watchful station round my bed :  
 Yet still, beneath severe Reflection's power,  
 The numerous past transactions present stand,  
 And Nature's strongest ties, each present hour,  
 Urge me in vain, to hail my native land.

Tho' Wealth, the lordly power by all ador'd,  
 Seems kindly to increase my little store ;  
 And hardy Temperance with a frugal board  
 Forbids pale dreary Want to haunt my door ;  
 Yet will a gentle race of kindred dear,  
 Like airy Shades, conjur'd by magic wand,  
 Arise in view, and force a briny tear,  
 A tear of reverence for my native land.

Tho' here Religion, heaven-illumined Fair,  
 Breathes free, by papal shackles unconfin'd ;  
 Prompts from the inmost soul the vital prayer,  
 Alone well-pleasing to the Eternal Mind :  
 Still in my troubled fight, forever dear,  
 Of relatives appear a much loved band ;  
 Nor can my eyes restrain the streaming tear,  
 While thus they call me to my native land.

Nor can the tender solace of a wife  
The lov'd idea from my breast erase ;  
Tho' much the dearest treasure of my life,  
Adorn'd with every sweet, attractive grace.  
The friendly forms beloved, forever dear,  
Still stand confess'd and beckon with the hand :  
Adown my cheek fast flows the briny tear,  
While thus they call me to my native land.

Alike the prospect of an offspring moves  
Life's purple current gladdening thro' my breast :  
The long-wish'd produce of our mutual loves ;  
The sweetest semblance of a soul at rest.  
Yet still impetuous gush spontaneous tears,  
Like heaven-directed Nile o'er Memphis' strand :  
To Wisdom's calming courage, deaf mine ears :  
I pant impatient for my native land.

Say, for what new and kindly purpose given  
This wondrous impulse, when abroad we roam :  
Did Fancy plant it? No, it is from Heaven  
That joy springs blooming round the thoughts of home.

'Tis this by Liberty inspir'd, adorns  
The brightest pages of historic truth,  
While Asia's Chief his vanquish'd thousands mourns  
Before the ardour of the Spartan youth.

No wonder then distils the pearly tear ;  
It streaming flows at Nature's high command :  
The ties of kindred are forever dear,  
And dear the memory of my native land.

Mr.

Mr. Stanbury was probably a native of London. In 1785, his sister, Mrs. Collins, resided at St. Paul's Churchyard in that city. But, from the time of his arrival in America, he appears to have considered this country as his home. In Philadelphia he established himself in trade; and by his commercial integrity, his literary tastes, and his many private virtues, soon acquired the esteem of most of the chief characters of the city. At a more advanced period his political opinions brought him into direct opposition to a number of his personal friends: but despite the ready wit with which he assailed the whigs and even the personal adherence that he gave to the royal standard, he still continued to command their good-will. "He used to rail without measure at the whigs, whom "he held in great contempt," says tradition, "but nevertheless such was his "amiability of disposition and his social worth that even by whigs of the "first standing in politics and society he was prized and esteemed."

When the British occupied Philadelphia in 1777, Stanbury was of course one of those who remained to welcome Howe and his followers, in whom he viewed the restorers of civil order and the destroyers of rebellion. So far as can be gathered now, he had belonged up to a certain period, to the moderate opposition: dissatisfied with the ministerial proceedings in regard to America, but totally averse to a resort to arms to procure redress. There was a large and influential class in Pennsylvania who took this view of affairs; and the Declaration of Independence in 1776, was a signal for the withdrawal of many (such as the Allens and others) from the whig ranks, even after they had associated in arms against England. They would resist as Englishmen, not as Americans. By all who came under such a category, the approach of the king's troops was of course gladly hailed. By reference to the local newspapers of the day, we find that Stanbury on the 10th October, 1777, removed his china store to Front street, between Market and Chestnut streets; and that in the same month he was appointed by the royal general one of a commission for selecting and governing the city watch. On Monday, May 4th, 1778, he was chosen a director of the Library Company of Philadelphia;

Philadelphia ; and on the 15th of the same month, his name is published with those of several others of the leading citizens, as a manager of Howe's Lottery for the relief of the poor of the place. On the evacuation of the city, he probably accompanied the fleet to New York, where he continued to dwell during the remainder of the war. During all this period his pen was active in the cause of Great Britain, nor did he always spare the follies of her friends, while he condemned what he considered the crimes of her enemies. All of his productions that can be identified by the editor, and have any political bearing, are given in the preceding pages : the following lines were omitted however in the body of this volume, because though attributed to Stansbury, the evidence of their authorship is purely conjectural. They were printed in Rivington's Gazette—Rivington's *Lying Gazette*, the Americans styled it—March 2d, 1782. Their occasion was the subjoined Epigram, that appeared in the Freeman's Journal (published by Francis Bailey at Philadelphia), February 13th, 1782, in regard to the title of Rivington's paper having been so blurred in the printing as to be scarcely legible. Rivington's first name was James.

Says Satan to Jemmy, I hold you a bet  
That you mean to abandon our Royal Gazette ;  
Or, between you and me, you would manage things better  
Than the Title to print on so damned a Letter.

Now, being connected so long in the Art,  
It would not be prudent at present to part :  
And People perhaps would be frighten'd and fret,  
If the Devil alone carried on the Gazette.

Says Jemmy to Satan, (by way of a wipe)  
Who gives me the Matter should furnish the Type.  
And why you find fault I can scarcely divine,  
For the Types, like the Printer, are certainly thine.

'Tis

*Notes to the Loyal Verses*

'Tis your's to deceive with the semblance of Truth,  
 Thou Friend of my Age and thou Guide of my Youth!  
 But to prosper, pray send me some further supplies,  
 A Sett of new Types and a Sett of new Lies.

This effusion was subscribed M. The answer in Rivington bears the letter N: and is so inferior to Stanbury's usual standard that it can hardly be of his composition.

## THE RETORT-COURTEOUS.

Says the Poet to Bailey, pray what is the Reason,  
 Since you so delight in printing our Treason,  
 That your paper is oft times so *soft* and so *blue*,  
 That we cannot tell *Tool* from *Fool*, or *I* from *U*?

Says Bailey, the reason is plain, Master Poet;  
 Had you one grain of Sense you surely would know it.  
 Its softness resembles the skulls of my Writers,  
 Who're a Sett of nerveless insipid Inditers.

And tho' the Colour's unlike both Christian and Jew Skin,  
 Yet it greatly resembles a true Rebel *Blue-Skin*:  
 Besides the texture well suits such labours as thine,  
 Which even Minerva can't save from Clo'cine.

Perhaps the following extract, from a manuscript letter from a loyalist in New York to a friend in Philadelphia, may explain how the authorship of these lines was given to Stanbury. It is possible that Bremner was, for caution's sake, used for Bailey; and though the year in which the letter was written does not appear, yet it was certainly not remote from 1782. In reference to some enclosures he had received from Philadelphia, the writer, under date of Feb. 26th, says: "The German

paper



“paper pleas’d several Hessian officers and the lines on Bremner several  
“persons of taste. Stanbury was charm’d with them, and Rivington is to  
“usher them into the world.”

While in New York, Stanbury preserved the friendship of his old friends among the loyalists; and would even seem, in December, 1780, to have visited Philadelphia. At the close of the war, he went to Nova Scotia with a view to settling there on the lands assigned by England to the refugees; but the country seems to have found as little favour in his eyes as in those of William Cobbett, and he soon returned to the United States. Under date of November 14th, 1785, a lady at Philadelphia writes: “Joseph Stanbury called on us the other day: his spirits and  
“vivacity are still the same. He proposes living in this city in the spring:  
“at present his family are at Moorestown in the Jerseys, where he says any  
“body may live.” But if the People at Moorestown were willing to forgive and forget, those at Philadelphia were not. On December 22nd, 1785, the manuscript last quoted from says: “Joseph Stanbury lives at  
“Moorestown; but intended to have taken a store here and gone into the  
“same line of business as before. But a fortnight since, when he was in  
“town, a letter directed to him was thrown into a house where he was sup-  
“posed to lodge. The purport of it was that he must immediately leave  
“this city, as he would not be permitted *to live* in it; and signed *Mulberry*  
“*Ward*. His friend R. Wells advises him to give up the idea of coming  
“here at present, and go to Wilmington as a place of trade. Some warm  
“people met the evening before the letter was sent and had set in judgment  
“on Joseph’s works; his *Town-Meeting* and some other performances were  
“read and did not tend to cool, but rather to warm; and produced the  
“hint to depart. I should not have mentioned this affair but that I know  
“such reports often go abroad with additions, and that it would be best to  
“relate it as it is. He is a very obnoxious character with some people.”  
From another source I learn that he finally settled in New York, where he passed the remainder of his life.

Although there were others of his name in America before the war, it is

not

not known whether they were of the same family with our author. On the 17th January, 1775, we find *D. Stansbury*, junior, one of the Committee of Observation (whig) for Baltimore county, Maryland; and the name yet exists in Baltimore.

With a very few exceptions, I am authorized to believe that the pieces presented in this volume do not give a fair estimate of Stansbury's genius. Although he wrote a great number of poems, &c., during the Revolution, but a small number are preserved; and these owe their safety rather to accident, or to the fact of their being already in print, than to his own inclinations. "He wrote much in the heyday of the Revolution that he afterwards destroyed: for with him all resentments died at the close of the struggle, and he even seemed to forget who had hated and who had injured him. His friends he never forgot." The best authority that I can refer to on this point declares that most of his pieces collected in this volume were but the creatures of the moment, "Scarce a line of which he would himself have remembered a day after the ink was dry." Nevertheless, since fortunate circumstances have enabled me to gather together pretty much all that is known to exist of Stansbury's writings, I cannot but esteem them worthy of preservation; often for their own decided merit, and in every case as significant memorials of the days gone by.

The only passage, in the Song that has occasioned this note, which may demand an explanation, is the reference in the fourth stanza to the dispute between England and Spain respecting the Falkland Islands. After all, Spain finally retained undivided possession of the worthless but disputed territory. John Adams's letter to his wife of 23rd April, 1776, contains some curious facts about the St. George's Society at Philadelphia at that day.

#### NOTE 2, Page 3.

The antecedents of many who, towards the crisis of war, became tories, or at least were opposed to taking up arms against England, are thus inveighed against in the Monitor, No. VIII, published at New York, November, 1775:

The

“The very men who have now luckily fallen into such a pleasant dream of loyalty and obedience, in the time of the Stamp Act were most of them ‘patriots of distinguished note;’ the most vociferous clamorers for liberty and property; the life and soul of mobs; the leaders in all the valorous exploits of plebian phrenzy, such as parading the streets with effigies, pulling down houses, tarring and feathering and the like. In a word, they did not scruple in those days to run headlong into practices much more wanton and disorderly than any that have happened in the course of our present struggle, which has been managed with singular decency, regularity and prudence.

“They then thought it no treason, no mortal sin, no Republican or Presbyterian contrivance, to form a Continental Congress; to petition and remonstrate with spirit and freedom; to deny the right of taxation claimed and exercised by the Parliament; to enter into agreements for the restriction of commerce; to act in every respect with suitable vigour and resolution. They did not tremble at the sound of Ministerial vengeance; neither were they afraid to adopt any decisive measure, because it might tend to irritate, to widen the breach, to throw an obstacle in the way of peace and reconciliation, and the rest of the trite nonsense, the product of these exuberant times. The contracted views of party, the sordid motives of ambition and avarice, had not then taken such firm hold on their minds as they have since. They felt the force of reason, listened to its dictates, and coöperated in the necessary means of bringing speedy relief to their Country.”

Since the above has been in the printer's hand, the editor has been favoured with some passages in reference to Stanbury, extracted from the Pennsylvania Records and Archives, which are subjoined.

On the 25th November, 1776, at a meeting at the Indian Queen, in Philadelphia, “Mr. Smith attended and informed that he thinks Joseph Stanbury sung *God Save the King* in his house, and a number of persons present bore him Chorus, on the 15th October, 1776,” &c. For this offence, the singers were, it seems, forced to enter into obligations to con-

fine

fine themselves to their own dwellings: and they probably soon underwent a severer punishment. On December 10th, 1776, the Council of Safety ordered that an enquiry should be made into the causes of the commitment of Joseph Stansbury, William Smith, and others, and that the confirmation or annulment of their confinement should depend on their being found free from disaffection to the Whig cause, and on their taking the oath of fidelity and allegiance to America. On January 4th, 1777, this Council ordered £5 11s. 3d. to be paid Stansbury for glass and delf ware obtained for the Montgomery, a public ship. In the Minutes of the Supreme Executive Council these entries occur: "Philadelphia, Nov. 27, 1780. Monday. Ordered, that Robert Smith, Esq., Agent for Estates, do make out an inventory of the goods & effects in his possession, now or late the property of Joseph Stansbury, and make return to this Board immediately. \* \* \* Dec. 13, 1780. A petition from Joseph Stansbury, praying to be permitted to retire within the lines of the enemy was read, and the same was rejected, so far as it respects his going to New York. \* \* \* Dec. 18, 1780. On consideration, Ordered, That Joseph Stansbury, with his family, be permitted to go to New York, he giving his promise upon honour to proceed immediately to that city, and use his utmost endeavours to have Abijah Wright & Casper Geyer, now prisoners on Long Island, released and permitted to return home, and that he will not do anything injurious to the United States; that his effects be restored to him, & himself liberated as soon as he shall be ready to set out for New York; that the agent for confiscated estates be directed to deliver up the keys of his property. \* \* \* January 8, 1781. On application, a pass was granted to Mrs. Stansbury (wife of Joseph Stansbury), for herself, six children, and a servant maid, with her cloathing, bedding, &c."

## NOTE 3, Page 5.

"May America prove a sure and lasting Asylum for the Liberties of 'Mankind!' (Author's note.)

NOTE



NOTE 4, Page 5.

Of the history of Dr. ODELL, the author of these verses, I have very little to add to what is already given in *The Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution*, page 199. That he was the writer of *The American Times* (under the pseudonym of Camillo Querno), printed in that work, is a fact of which I have now no doubt, although it is not there so stated, and although it has been attributed to the Rev. Dr. Myles Cooper. In the Royal Pennsylvania Gazette of 26th May, 1778, is a long piece in blank verse entitled *America's Lamentation*, and subscribed C. Q. R.; which letters would more appositely represent the name assumed by the writer of the *Times* than that of any other person connected with the tory press known to me. But this does not afford sufficient warrant for its introduction here. It opens thus :

O Thou who, with surpassing glory crown'd,  
Look'st down from Albion's throne ; the sole just Lord  
Of this new world ; to thee I'd fondly call ;  
And with a filial voice still use thy name,  
O Sir, to tell thee how I love those beams  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell ; how glorious once, under thy shine, &c.

In regard to the proceedings against Odell in the Provincial Congress of New Jersey (see *The Loyalist Poetry*, page 201), it may be added here that when charges were first lodged with that body, he at the same time (Oct. 13th, 1775) presented a prayer that his case might be heard that day. He was in attendance on the house, and was paroled to return on the 17th ; when after a hearing, it was resolved in substance that although his intercepted letter expressed his opposition to the whig proceedings, yet as that congress did not wish to violate the right of private sentiment, and the letter not appearing to have been designed to influence

public



public measures, *etc.*, they would pass no public censure on him. He was afterwards more stringently dealt with, in July and August, 1776; doubtless in consequence of his connections with certain British officers in June, as commemorated by himself in the *Birthday Ode* and the piece succeeding it, *ante*, p. 7. The remainder of his life was chiefly passed in New York and Nova Scotia. The manuscript of a loyal lady who mentions visits from him at the former place on the 28th Oct., 1781, and 15th Feb., 1782, thus refers to his settlement in the latter. "January 5th, 1785. \* \* \* Dr. Odell I see is at his destined abode, and really the Doctor's prospects are very flattering. To hold three or four of the most lucrative offices in the Government is not always the lot of one person; which will bring in £1000 *p. ann.*, and is a situation beyond what he could expect. I envy none their prospects in a new country. £100 in my native land with my friends is worth £1000 elsewhere."

In addition to the poetical effusions of Dr. Odell already given, the following pieces may interest the reader, although from their not possessing a political bearing they could not well be inserted previously. They are printed from manuscript copies, and now, it is believed, for the first time. The subjoined verses were doubtless addressed to the corps in which he had once served.

#### A WELCOME HOME TO THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT

AFTER THE PEACE OF 1763.

From burning sands or frozen plains,  
Where Victory cheer'd the way,  
Hail, ye returning, small remains  
Of many a glorious day!

In eight revolving years, alas,  
What havoc war has made?  
A tear shall swell one circling glass  
In memory of the Dead.

With

With English hearts, to fate resign'd,  
They earn'd a deathless fame :  
For England bled, and left behind  
A sadly-pleasing name.

On many a widely distant land,  
Or in the howling deep,  
Tho' now they seem by Death's cold hand  
Held in eternal sleep :

Yet are they far from what they seem ;  
Their *clay* alone is cold :  
The *soul*, a warm, ethereal beam,  
No power of Death can hold.

This mortal frame is but a Screen  
Between us and the Skies ;  
Death draws the Curtain, and the Scene  
Then opens on our eyes.

'Tis we that *dream*, not they that *sleep* :  
Their hovering Spirits fly  
Around you still, and on you keep  
A friendly watchful eye.

And thus the Chief, who lately led  
Your courage to the field,  
May still be fancied at your head ;  
Still warn you not to yield.

Your lost companions thus may strive  
With you each toil to bear :  
May still in Fancy's eye survive  
Your future fame to share !

With joyful triumph, then, review  
 Your toils and dangers past ;  
 Fill up the circling glass anew,  
 And—Welcome home at last !

These verses must also have been written during Odell's residence at London : the allusions to Pope's works need no explanation.

ON POPE'S GARDEN AT TWICKENHAM: 1765.

Behold the consecrated Bowers  
 Where oft, with rapture sweet,  
 The Muse beguil'd the lingering hours,  
 And cheer'd her Bard's retreat.

“To wake the Soul, the Genius raise,  
 “ And mend the Heart,” he sings :  
 Echo repeats the melting lays ;  
 And Fame her tribute brings.

Here nothing splendid, nothing great  
 Your admiration claims :  
 No proud display of wealth or state  
 Your envy here inflames.

No vain sepulchral pomp is here ;  
 But every passing eye  
 Here pays the tribute of a tear,  
 And every heart a sigh.\* \*

No breathing marbles do you meet  
 Near this enchanting spot ;  
 But Inspiration holds a seat  
 In yon Muse-haunted grot.

\* \* \* A plain Obelisk, to the Memory of Mrs. Pope, with this inscription: *Æditha, Matrum optima, Mulierum amantissima, Vale !*

Delightful Hermitage ! where still  
Some nameless charm resides :  
But ah ! no more the murmuring rill  
Across the cavern glides.

The Genius of the grotto fled ;  
And left the mournful stream,  
No longer by the Muses fed,  
To vanish as a dream.

Yet here entranced a simple Swain  
With rapture seems inspired.  
Here Fancy listens to the strain  
That first my bosom fired.

Methinks I hear in every tree  
The fluttering Sylphs around ;  
And lo ! the ravish'd lock I see,  
A constellation crown'd !

Here, shelter'd by the solemn shade,  
The *Cloister* seems to rise,  
Where *Eloisa*, hapless Maid,  
Still vents her tender sighs.

Here, shrouded in a bloody vail,  
A more ill-fated Fair  
Glides by, and swells the hollow gale  
With shrieks of wild despair.

But hark ! an *evangelic* song  
Reechoed from the Spheres,  
Here floats the silver Thames along :  
“ A God, a God appears ! ”

With

*Notes to the Loyal Verses*

With awful and sublime delight  
 'This hallow'd ground I tread ;  
 Where Angels hover in my fight,  
 And whisper o'er my head.

The next piece was evidently composed during the storm of the revolutionary war.

## MOLLY ODELL ON HER BIRTHDAY.

BY HER FATHER.

Amidst the rage of civil strife,  
 The orphan's cries, the widow's tears,  
 This day my rising dawn of life  
 Has measured five revolving years.

Unconscious of the howling storm,  
 No signs of shipwreck'd peace I see ;  
 For what, with all its bustling swarm,  
 What is the noisy world to me ?

My needle and my book employ  
 The busy moments of my day ;  
 And, for the rest, with harmless joy,  
 I pass them in a round of play !

And if, ere long, my vacant heart  
 Is to be fill'd with Care and Pain,  
 Still I shall bravely bear my part  
 While Truth and Innocence remain.

With



With one more poem, this selection from Odell's miscellaneous manuscripts must terminate. The ensuing is chosen as partaking of an autobiographical character.

ON OUR THIRTYNINTH WEDDING-DAY ;

6TH OF MAY, 1810.

Twice nineteen years, dear Nancy, on this day  
Complete their circle, since the smiling May  
Beheld us at the altar kneel and join .  
In holy rites and vows, which made thee mine.  
Then, like the reddening East without a cloud,  
Bright was my dawn of joy. To Heaven I bowed  
In thankful exultation, well assured  
That all my heart could covet was secured.

But ah, how soon this dawn of Joy so bright  
Was followed by a dark and stormy night !  
The howling tempest, in a fatal hour,  
Drove me, an exile from our nuptial bower,  
To seek for refuge in the tented field,  
Till democratic Tyranny should yield.  
Thus torn asunder we, from year to year,  
Endured the alternate strife of Hope and Fear ;  
Till, from Suspense deliver'd by Defeat,  
I hither came and found a safe retreat.

Here, join'd by thee and thy young playful train,  
I was o'erpaid for years of toil and pain.  
We had renounced our native *hostile* shore ;  
And met, I trust, *till death to part no more !*  
But fast approaching now the verge of life,  
With what emotions do I see a Wife  
And Children, smiling with affection dear,  
And think—how sure that parting, and how near !

The

*Notes to the Loyal Verses*

The solemn thought I wish not to restrain :  
 Tho' painful, 'tis a salutary pain.  
 Then let this verse in your remembrance live,  
 That, when from life released, I still may give  
 A token of my love ; may whisper still  
 Some fault to shun, some duty to fulfill ;  
 May prompt your Sympathy, some pain to share ;  
 Or warn you of some pleasures to beware ;  
 Remind you that the Arrow's silent flight,  
 Unseen alike at noon or dead of night,  
 Should cause no perturbation or dismay,  
 But teach you to enjoy the passing day  
 With dutiful tranquillity of mind ;  
 Active and vigilant, but still resign'd.  
 For our Redeemer liveth, and we know,  
 How or whenever parted here below,  
 His faithful servants, in the Realm above,  
 Shall meet again as heirs of his eternal love.

The Inscription on Franklin's Stove was undoubtedly written by Dr. Odell. Independently of the assertion of his family, and the fact of a manuscript version in his handwriting, dated 1776, being now before me, abundant evidence of his authorship will be found in contemporaneous authorities. It is so stated in the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1777 ; in Towne's Evening Post ; Philadelphia, Nov. 29th, 1777 ; in Bourcher's View of the American Revolution (London, 1797), p. 449 ; and in Rev. W. Smith's Works (Philadelphia, 1803), App. to Sermon on Franklin. But Judge Yeates, writing from Lancaster in December, 1777, attributes it to Miss Deborah Norris ; and a general tradition in Philadelphia ascribes it either to that lady, or her townswoman Miss Hannah Griffiths (See 11 Mem. Hist. Soc. Penn., pt. 2 ; p. 91) ; both of them of repute as authors. Nor were these the only satiric verses in which Franklin's lightning-rods figured. The reader will call to mind how

Peter

Peter Pindar rung the changes on the preference bestowed by George III and Sir Joseph Banks upon blunt over pointed conductors; the latter having been recommended by Franklin and the laws of nature as exclusively suitable for protection against electricity. And as for Odell's censure of Franklin's political course, it may, howsoever erroneous, be extenuated by the estimation in which the latter was held by as warm a whig as the former was a loyalist. In 1772, Arthur Lee wrote from London, to Samuel Adams, that Franklin (who was then in that city) was the tool and not the dupe of Lord Hillsborough's designs against the charter of Massachusetts. Several years after, Lee deliberately explains the circumstances under which he made that statement: "That he could be deceived as to the designs of the administration, I could hardly believe. That he was bribed to betray his trust I had not suspected. It remained, therefore, as the most probable conjecture, that he endeavoured to lull his constituents into security, that he might prevent any commotions which would hazard the lucrative posts he possessed. From whatever motive the deception sprang, the mischief of it was such as rendered a counter-action of it necessary. For that purpose, the following letter was written; but it was written in anger, and yet the experience I have had since would justify the worst interpretation of his conduct."—*Lee's A. Lee*; I, 216, 257.

NOTE 5, Page 6.

In the absence of any authority of reference concerning Mr. Piercy, I am induced to add such notices of him as occur to my hand. He belonged to the methodist branch of the Church of England, and was one of the few of that class who opposed the cause of the crown. John Adams, then a delegate to the Congress sitting at Philadelphia, mentions him in his Diary under date of Sunday, Oct. 23rd, 1774: "Heard Mr. Piercy, at Mr. Sproat's. He is chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon, comes recommended to Mr. Cary, of Charlestown, from her, as a faithful servant of the Lord; no genius, no orator." He afterwards passed

passed to the southward, and in February, 1778, is mentioned by Elkanah Watson (*Memoirs*; p. 53), as having been left by Whitfield in charge of the Orphan House at Bethesda, in Georgia. "We found the family of Mr. Piercy highly refined and intelligent, and enjoyed their kind hospitality with much interest. Meeting people of their cultivation and delicacy in this remote and solitary abode, was the source to us of equal surprise and gratification. The religious duties of the evening were performed with great solemnity and impressiveness. At the ringing of a small bell, the negroes, with their children, all came to unite with the family in their devotions." Dr. Piercy was during the war a good deal in Charleston, preaching to and encouraging the American troops. Consequently, on the fall of the city in 1780, he was ordered to relinquish his clerical duties; and as his name does not figure among those of the "two hundred and ten most respectable inhabitants" who addressed Sir Henry Clinton in June, 1780, we may conclude that he took no pains to conciliate the new authorities. In this same year we find the "Rev. Wm. Piercy, clerk," included as a rebel in the disqualifying act of the tory legislature of Georgia.

Passing to England, he soon managed to break with his ancient patroness, Selina, countess dowager of Huntingdon, as appears from one of his letters, dated Woolwich in Kent, April 3rd, 1784, now before me. He ascribes the cause to "the attempt to raise a new *Self* or *Party*, under her Ladyship's patronage, called by the fine name of *Seceders*, alias *Self-created Bishops*. But as I did not chuse to expose myself to the just contempt of all serious men of all denominations, I stand now totally unconnected with her Ladyship: as she stands entirely unconnected with dear Mr. Whitefield's places and all his people. This has so much displeased the Countess, that, with her great age and all together, she now refuses to fulfill the solemn engagements made with me in the year —; which was to allow me an handsome salary as long as I was her minister and chaplain abroad, together with full and honourable compensation for One Hundred a year, settled on me for life, that I was under the necessity

" of



“ of forfeiting on her account, when I first left this Kingdom. In one of  
 “ the last letters which passed between us, she informed me she was on the  
 “ point of giving up Bethesda to the States. Indeed, she never will do  
 “ anything satisfactorily with it, so as to fulfill Mr. W.’s Will; so that, in  
 “ every view, the State had better have it at once, than suffer the whole  
 “ Estate and Charity to lay waste.”

Dr. Piercy subsequently returned to Charleston, and in 1809-10 was pressing his claim against Lady Huntingdon on the Bethesda property. “ If you cannot obtain those negroes for me, the sole property of the  
 “ Countess,” he writes, “ I hope, besides the specific proposition for £500,  
 “ you will try hard to obtain the specific interest upon the note.” In 1812 he returned to England, where he soon after died. It is told of Dr. Piercy that being called on by several of his congregation, during a period of excessive rains, to offer up in his church the accustomed prayer for fair weather, he replied, after considerable hesitation and thumbing of the almanac, that he would certainly do as they wished; but that the whole experience of his ministry taught him that all the prayers in the world would be ineffacious to procure an alteration in the weather until the moon changed. For more concerning him see *The Life of Lady Huntingdon*; volume second.

NOTE 6, Page 7.

This festivity is thus alluded to in the Diary of James Craft of Burlington, as published in the Historical Magazine, vol. 1; page 301: “ 1776, 7 mo. 13. The English Prisoners, nearly 90 of ’em sent off guarded by  
 “ 18 men. They came here about the 26th of 4 mo. last. They had  
 “ their Band of Musick in the Island on the 4th of 6th mo. And that  
 “ had liked to have made a Rumpus.” Probably Major (then Lieutenant Andre) was one of these. They were removed from Burlington, as being too nearly within reach of Howe, and sent to the interior of Pennsylvania. Under date of July 14th, 1776, Marshall’s Remembrancer says: “ Yesterday came to town about eighty prisoners taken at St. John’s, on their  
 “ way, it’s said, to Cumberland County.”



## NOTE 7, Page 14.

Due allowance for the power of the poet's imagination must be made while reading his panegyric on Queen Charlotte and her "blooming heavenly line." Wolcott paints her majesty as

———— a downright flop

Form'd of the coarsest rags of Nature's shop ;  
and greatly lamented that "fierce George Hardinge," her Solicitor, deterred him from doing fuller justice to her fordid traits. As for the children of the king and queen, there was certainly nothing very "heavenly" in the minds and morals of some of them.

## NOTE 8, Page 14.

The manner in which the Declaration of Independence was celebrated at the city where it was enacted and in the earliest years of the war, is a matter of some interest.

On the 5th of July, 1776, Congress ordered that copies of the Declaration should be transmitted to the several Assemblies, Conventions, Councils, of Safety, &c., that it might be properly proclaimed. On the 6th this Resolve was received by the Philadelphia Council of Safety, which ordered "that the Sheriff of Philadelphia read, or cause to be read and proclaimed "at the State House, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 8th day "July, instant, at twelve o'clock at noon of the same day, the Declaration "of the Representatives of the United States of America, and that he "cause all his Officers, and the Constables of the said City, to attend the "reading thereof." The Council likewise resolved to attend the reading in a body, and to invite the Committee of Inspection to be present. In the latter Committee it was, on the 6th, resolved so to attend. "At the "same time, the King's Arms there are to be taken down by nine Affo- "ciators, here appointed, who are to convey it to a pile of casks erected "upon the commons, for the purpose of a bonfire, and the arms placed  
" or

“on the top.” As the public election for members of the State Convention was to come off on the 8th, at the State House, this measure was opposed, lest the election might thereby be disturbed, but it was carried in the committee by a majority.

Accordingly, on Monday, the 8th of July, 1776, “in the presence of a great concourse of people, the Declaration of Independence was read by John Nixon. The company declared their approbation by three repeated huzzas. The King’s Arms were taken down at the Court Room, State House, at the same time. From there some of us went to B. Armitage’s tavern; stayed till one. I went and dined at Paul Fooks’s; lay down there after dinner till five. Then he and the French engineer went with me on the commons, where the same was proclaimed at each of the five Battalions. \* \* \* Fine starlight, pleasant evening. There were bonfires, ringing bells, with other demonstrations of joy upon the unanimity and agreement of the declaration.”

On the night of Friday, July 4th, 1777—the first anniversary of our national jubilee—we are told by the Philadelphia newspapers of the time, that “there was a grand exhibition of fireworks (which began and concluded with thirteen rockets) on the commons, and the city was beautifully illuminated. Every thing was conducted with the greatest order and decorum, and the face of gladness and joy was universal.” Not a word is said in their news columns of any of those episodes that usually attend a civic illumination not entirely popular: and it was notorious that a very large part of the inhabitants, especially of the Quakers, were more or less secretly hostile not only to the principles but the measures of the party in power. The Friends in particular would not voluntarily give either passive or active encouragement to the orders of Congress; and had brought themselves into general notice by their refusal to comply with the recommendation for a General Fast, and suspension of business on the 17th May, 1776; by their murmurings against the new order of things; and by their indisposition to remove their effects from the city in December, 1776, when the threatened approach of Howe put all the whigs to transporting

transporting their effects to places of safety. "The Friends here," says Marshall, "moved but little of their goods, as they seem to be satisfied that if Gen. Howe should take this City, as many here imagined that he would, their goods and property would be safe." To be sure there were many Friends who took up arms for America; but as these were almost all expelled from the Society for so doing, their conduct served only to make that of their old comrades more objectionable. Accordingly the celebration of the 4th of July, 1777, might reasonably have been expected to involve some local disturbances. The following letter from George Bryan, a distinguished whig, to his wife, will give some notion of the proceedings of the occasion.

PHILADELPHIA, 4th July, 1777.

My partner and friend:

It is now near eight in the evening. This has been a day of feasting and the anniversary of independence, which has, as such, been much noticed. I am just returned from dining with Congress at the City Tavern. \* \* \* We have ordered out constables and watchmen, and expect two hundred soldiers to patrol, and that all illuminations and bonfires are to be put out at eleven this night. Perhaps some disorders may happen, but we were willing to give the idea of rejoicing its swing. The spirits of the whigs must be kept up.

One thousand Carolinians paraded under arms in Second street, and were reviewed by Congress and Generals Gates and Arnold. Two companies of artillery and a company of Georgian foot performed a *feu de joie*. The Maryland light horse attended and were reviewed. The galleys and ships came up and paid their compliments. I am, my dearest madam, your most devoted lover and partner and friend.

GEORGE BRYAN.

Mr. Bryan's anticipations were well-founded. Although, as has been suggested the local newspapers were perhaps under a too ominous pressure of whig bayonets to venture on publishing anything likely to injure the cause, there nevertheless appears, in the Philadelphia Evening Post of 5th July,

July, side by side with the "order and decorum" paragraph above quoted, an advertisement subscribed Daniel Humphreys, denouncing 'a banditti,' "headed by three certain persons" and a band of music, that had broken his windows, &c. On the 12th, Richard Peters in another advertisement replied to this statement; and assuming that himself and two others holding public employments under Congress were the "three certain persons" referred to, altogether denied his complicity. From all this, and from the passages to follow, it may be inferred that there was a pretty general assault upon the houses of such obnoxious characters in the city as refused to light up their windows on the night of July 4th, 1777. The newspapers contain nothing further on the subject; but the records of the Monthly Meeting of Friends at Philadelphia for the Southern District, 30th, 7th month (July), 1777, contain a report of the Committee "to advise and assist such of our members who might be subjected to suffering for the testimony of truth," which in a measure supplies the deficiency. "And likewise on the evening a day lately appointed by the present powers for public rejoicing, divers Friends had their windows broken by a licentious mob, because they could not join with the multitude in illuminating their windows. But no account has been brought in by any Friend of the loss or damage they sustained." And in the Northern District there is a similar record. In both, their blankets had been forcibly taken from them on a public requisition, "declared to be for fitting out men to go to war." This was in consequence of the local authorities having appointed a committee to collect in the city and county of Philadelphia 1334 blankets for the army. The committee was empowered to direct the proportion to be taken from any family, on payment of an appraised value: but to such of the Quakers as would not receive Continental Paper Money, this payment was no great matter. "The being compelled," continue the Quakers, "into a contribution for such a purpose has been grievous to honest minds. And some have had their stock of this necessary article so reduced, as to be likely to want the needful covering in a cooler season." These trials they say they endure "with



“with a good degree of patience and meekness;” and then recite the imposition of having soldiers billeted on them; their dwellings abused, and their windows broken, &c.; “because Friends could not illuminate their houses, and conform to such vain practices, and outward marks of rejoicing, to commemorate the time of these people’s withdrawing themselves from all subjection to the English government, and from an excellent Constitution, under which we long enjoyed peace and prosperity.”—*Almon’s Remembrancer*; v, 292. *Gilpin’s Exiles*; 294.

It was probably because of the troubles of this night that, the next year, Congress and the Council forbade any illumination at Philadelphia on July 4th, 1778; “on account of the excessive heat of the weather, the present scarcity of candles, and other considerations.” The billeting of soldiers referred to above was probably that mentioned by Marshall, under date of January 25th, 1777: “Great quantities of backwoodsmen coming to town this day: so many that with what were here before, an order was issued for the billeting of them in the non-affociators’ houses, which was put into execution in our part of the city.” The non-affociators were such as would not take up arms for America.

#### NOTE 9, Page 15.

Of General Gates and Judge Richard Peters, it can scarcely be necessary to say anything. The latter was born in 1744, and was during a great part of the revolution a member of the Board of War. He was always distinguished for his pleasantries; and acquired a more enduring reputation as a jurist during thirty-six years of service on the bench of the District Court of Pennsylvania, to which post he was appointed by Washington.

#### NOTE 10, Page 15.

James Mease was born at Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland; but came to Philadelphia before the commencement of the revolutionary troubles.



troubles. He was a warm whig from the outfart; one of the originators of the First City Troop, which did such good service at Trenton, and which has never since lost its organization; and in 1777, Clothier-General of the American Armies. In 1780 we find him subscribing £5000 for the relief of the troops. In later years he did not escape the satiric lash of Cobbett. See *Porcupine's Works*; xi: 246, 248.

## NOTE 11, Page 15.

Richard and Thomas Willing, two prominent citizens of Philadelphia; one of them (Thomas) was a partner in the house of Willing and Morris, and of course connected with the extensive undertakings for furnishing supplies to the army in which Robert Morris was so largely engaged. The trait alluded to in the verse to which this note refers is also recorded by John Adams in his Diary for Sunday, 11th September, 1774: "Dined at Mr. Willings. \* \* \* A most splendid feast again—turtle and "every thing else." There are few things in his Works more amusing than the surprise and pleasure which, at this period of his life, Mr. Adams exhibits at the style of living he encountered in the colonies south of New England. He rarely rises from the table without chronicling its equipage with a particularity worthy of old Pepys himself; and though he was undoubtedly willing, as he said, to subsist at Braintree in the utmost frugality; to "eat potatoes, and drink water," if the struggle for freedom should bring him to that necessity, yet it is not probable that he would not prefer to live as he was living at the time (1774) he made this profession—going "to dine with some of the nobles of Pennsylvania at four o'clock, and feast upon ten thousand delicacies, and sit drinking Madeira, "Claret and Burgundy till six or seven." At this period there was probably a considerable difference between the eastern and the middle colonies in their style of living.

NOTE

## NOTE 12, Page 15.

This passage relates to the Constitution of Pennsylvania framed in 1776 by a convention not regularly authorized so to do; yet under which the State was governed for several years. In his animadversions upon it, the tory satirist has more reason than in most of his philippics. Graydon says that its principal authors were George Bryan and a schoolmaster named James Cannon; though Dr. Franklin was supposed to have given either his aid or his countenance to their lucubrations; and tradition affirms that it was drawn up in a single night. It is unnecessary here to go into a recapitulation of its details. It must suffice to observe that it differed fundamentally from the form of government which it ousted; and that it was bitterly opposed not only by the tories, the Quakers, and the "moderate men," but also by Cadwalader, St. Clair, Morris, and numerous others of the most distinguished among the whigs. Its own limitations shut out for some time any change in its provisions, and the whole power of the State was thus vested in its friends. Thus John Adams, who was no admirer of it, thought it "agreeable to the body of the people;" yet he could not conceal the light in which it deserved to be regarded. "The proceedings of the late convention," he writes shortly after it had framed this constitution and dissolved, "are not well liked by the best of the whigs. Their constitution is reprobated, and the oath with which they have endeavored to prop it, by obliging every man to swear that he will not add to, or diminish from, or any way alter that constitution, before he can vote, is execrated." It certainly had one good effect, in excluding from any political influence every inhabitant of the state who was not in favour of the extreme measures of the party supporting Independence: but as it also excluded many who were in favour of that step, and as it was, after all, tyrannical alike in its birth and in its administration, it was a wise proceeding to get rid of it as soon as possible. To be sure several distinguished characters, who were averse to it at the commencement, in time accepted offices under it; but in such cases the purity of their motives must be weighed against the soundness of their judgment.

NOTE

## NOTE 13, Page 16.

This song refers to the following episode in our revolutionary history. As has already been remarked in a previous Note, the conduct of the Quakers of Pennsylvania was, in the earlier years of the war, extremely unsatisfactory to the whigs. Their willingness to remain at Philadelphia when the city was threatened by Howe in the winter of 1776-7, and when every one at all active on the American side was flying with his effects to the country, confirmed the suspicions already entertained against them. In March, 1777, John Adams writes from Philadelphia that "more than one half of the inhabitants have removed into the country, as it was their wisdom to do. The remainder are chiefly Quakers, as dull as beetles. From these neither good is to be expected nor evil to be apprehended. They are a kind of neutral tribe, or the race of the insipids. Howe may possibly attempt this town, and a pack of sordid scoundrels, male and female, seem to have prepared their minds and bodies, houses and cellars for his reception; but these are few, and more despicable in character than number." And in the ensuing June, he again reverts to the impracticable indifference of the Quakers: "This town has been a dead weight upon us. It would be a dead weight upon the enemy. The *mules* here would plague them more than all their money." Mr. Adams had unfortunately for himself engaged in a logical controversy with some of the best informed among Friends on the questions of the day, and had not come out very triumphantly from the encounter. This may have embittered him against them. Accordingly in the latter part of the summer of 1777, when it was probable that Howe would speedily risk a pitched battle for the possession of Philadelphia, the wisdom of securing the persons of all such suspected characters as by wealth or social position might be able to be of assistance to him, presented itself seriously to the whig leaders. Some papers containing the proceedings of a Quaker meeting in New Jersey had fallen into the hands of General Sullivan, and by him were transmitted to Congress. These documents

documents were sufficient to give an opportunity for the fulfilment of the wishes of many of the whigs; and it was resolved (August 28th) to request the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania to forthwith apprehend eleven of the chief Quakers of the city, named in the resolution. The Council did as it was desired, and more. On the 9th of September, it ordered that twenty-three gentlemen named in the decree, should be removed to Staunton in Virginia and there secured. All of these were at the time in confinement at Philadelphia, and were generally Quakers; though there were some Church of England men among them. The allegation against them was that they had uniformly manifested a hostility to the United States; that they had refused to pledge their allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania and to promise to hold no correspondence with the enemy, and that they considered themselves subjects of the King of Great Britain. They were imprisoned, it was further said, because they would not promise to remain in their own houses while their case was under discussion.

These people endeavored to extricate themselves by *Habeas Corpus*; but the exercise of the writ was suspended so far as they were concerned. No expostulations which they would make, nor any effort to bring their case before a court of jurisdiction, availed them. They were dealt with in the spirit of martial rather than common law; and perhaps the exigencies of the times may have rendered a discreet exercise of such power, advisable. Unfortunately however under the constitution of 1776 the control of the State was then mainly in the hands of the Presbyterians, between whom and the Quakers, and to some extent the Churchmen, there was a long-established political feud. This circumstance undoubtedly inspired vindictiveness on the one part and exasperation on the other. On the 8th of September, Adams thus writes from Congress: "You will see by the papers enclosed that we have been obliged to humble the pride of some Jesuits, who call themselves Quakers, but who love money and land better than liberty or religion. The hypocrites are endeavoring to raise the cry of persecution, and to give this matter a  
 " religious



“ religious turn, but they can’t succeed. The world knows them and  
“ their communications. Actuated by a land-jobbing spirit like that of  
“ William Penn, they have been soliciting grants of immense regions of  
“ land on the Ohio. American independence has disappointed them,  
“ which makes them hate it. Yet the dastards dare not avow their hatred  
“ to it, it seems.”

In pursuance of the Order above mentioned, the prisoners in question, with others seized on a like ground, were exiled to Virginia and detained there for a very considerable period. Among those so treated was Benjamin Chew, formerly Chief Justice, of whom Thomas Lynch had written to Washington on the 13th November, 1775: “ I am sure Mr. Chew is  
“ so heartily disposed to oblige you and to serve the cause, that nothing  
“ in his power will be wanting.” Perhaps the arrest of some of the number was rather intended to prevent their doing future harm to the cause, than in punishment for any offence yet committed. Among the names included in the Order of Council is that of Thomas Wharton, *senior*. Thomas Wharton, *junior*, was President of the Council, and, as such, the Chief Executive Officer of the State. It was to him that the following characteristic letter was addressed by one of the prisoners, a gentleman of high standing in the city.

*Hopewell, Virginia, March 9, 1778.*—I could not have supposed that thou would have refused answering my letter merely on account of its wanting a little form. That this may not be neglected for the same reason, I now address thee under the title of (being only intended as a matter of form),

*Friend Wharton,*

Thou may remember that in the winter 1776 I and my son Isaac were dragged before the President and Council of Safety upon no other authority than the will and pleasure of a drunken Sergeant and his guard. On my return home I was very much affected with the thought that a person with whom I was formerly agreeably connected should be in a situation the most degrading of any I could conceive: It being evident  
thou



thou wast under the influence of this military guard. The next day I wrote thee a letter on the occasion. Whatever then influenced thee not to return an answer, I dare say thou art now convinced it would have been better to have done it. Hadst thou thought it worth while to have heard what I could have said on the occasion, it is probable I might have been useful to thee. With regard to our case, who have been condemned and banished without trial; those in authority have either not judged at all, leaving it to Congress to judge for them, or they have judged most unrighteously.

Notwithstanding the account thee gives of thy time being taken up with thy father Fishbourne, &c., thou signed orders for our removal under escort of two of the Troop, dated Sept. 10th, and orders to Col. Morgan of the same date to look out for a proper person to convey us from Reading to Staunton; also a letter to John Hancock respecting our application to Council for our detention at Winchester, dated 12th of September.

From the above mentioned authentic papers, it is evident thou hast been our enemy; and well might I say in my former letter that with regard to anything friendly, I am at a loss in what manner to address thee. But to take thee on the ground of inactivity, on which thou pretended to stand, but on which in reality thou didst not—what would it amount to, but that thou would not commit the evil thyself, but keep out of the way, and let others do it? A base desertion of the cause of the innocent and oppressed: but I have already shown thy crime is of a deeper dye.

Thou signed orders for our removal under escort of two of the Troop. Now what evidence hadst thou against us, whereby thou wouldst justify thyself in signing this decree? Did the general charge of the Congress, published in all the papers, against the people called Quakers, convince thee of our guilt? A most shameful performance, and which we could have fully answered in a short time, had we been allowed our undoubted right of being heard in our defence. And now I put it to thy conscience: what could induce thee to consent to our being banished for life? Thou couldst not have believed we had been guilty of any crime that could deserve such punishment.

To

To complete this scene of iniquity, orders were issued from the War Office to our Conductors, not to suffer us to distribute our remonstrances. At the same time those charges made against us, published by order of Congress, were dispersed about with great assiduity. A remarkable instance of injustice.

A few words more, and I have done. Before thou signed this unjust decree, did it not occur to thee that thou wast well acquainted with a great number of us, and that thou knew us to be a quiet, peaceable people, that were by no means likely to be concerned in plots, or in giving intelligence to the enemy? But if any such thoughts took place in thy mind, it is evident they were not long cherished there. Thou signed the unjust, the cruel decree, without giving us an opportunity of being heard in our defence.

As it is impossible this conduct could proceed from the love of justice, so I think it is not possible thou canst enjoy peace in thy own mind until thou sincerely repents for the great injury thou hast done us, and makes us all the reparation in thy power. That thou mayest, through the assistance of Divine Providence, be enabled to witness a sincere repentance and amendment of life, is the desire of one who, when that event takes place, may with propriety subscribe himself thy real friend,

EDWARD PENINGTON.

In good sooth, any person seized on this occasion, whose conscience did not convict him, had great reason for indignation; but there was no ground for their fears who esteemed it a religious persecution, and in the mind's eye beheld

Protestant Parsons whipp'd and scoff'd at,  
Quakers and Methodists thump'd and ston'd.

NOTE

## NOTE 14, Page 16.

The power claimed before the war by the British Parliament, of transporting to England for trial persons charged with the commission of certain offences in this country; and of in many cases depriving the subject of the benefit of trial by jury; were especial American grievances, and are recapitulated as such in the Declaration of Independence.

## NOTE 15, Page 17.

This passage again refers to the allegation that the revolt in the colonies was the work of the Presbyterians and their Congregational brethren in New England, and designed for their especial benefit.

## NOTE 16, Page 17.

During its colonial existence, Pennsylvania had a paper currency to supply the necessities of its people; specie not being always sufficiently abundant. The bills were issued by virtue of acts of the legislature, approved by the crown and containing certain provisions for their redemption. They were loaned in various amounts to the inhabitants of the state on mortgage security, and thus readily went into circulation; and seem really to have been of great service to the community. When the continental paper bills however began to be issued, very many persons refused to receive them; and of course, on Howe's occupation of Philadelphia, their circulation was entirely prohibited. Such of the inhabitants, however, as adhered to the old order of things, and who had also, in all probability, accumulated a considerable sum in the Provincial (or as it was called *Legal*) Paper Money, saw no reason why this sort of currency should not continue in its former value. Some time elapsed after the British army was seated in the city before the fleet of men of war and of transports from New York, led by Admiral Lord Howe, could force a passage up the Delaware, which was for the period commanded by the  
American

American fortifications on the banks: and during this state of suspense, as nothing could be settled until Sir William Howe was in a condition to keep his communications with the sea open, the question of the circulation of Legal Paper Money remained undecided. When the fleet finally arrived, it brought quantities of goods to supply the exhausted markets of Philadelphia; and they who had the disposal of them at once declared they would receive nothing but gold and silver in payment. If it be true, as the poet urges, that "the merchant-stranger" perceived the improbability of Legal Paper Money ever being redeemed, because not only of the lands mortgaged for their redemption being chiefly in the hands of the whigs, but also by reason of the mortgage-deeds themselves being withdrawn; there was certainly good ground for their opinion. The citizens urged, on the one hand, that the bills were issued under laws sanctioned by the King; that they had long been the common circulating medium in the province; that their suppression would be alike disastrous to individuals, by destroying their only wealth, and to trade, by ousting the only medium adequate to its necessities; and that even the army itself would suffer, if all bills on England had to be paid for here in gold and silver. Their opponents, the storekeepers who came by the fleet, were equally persistent, and in the end prevailed. There is great reason to believe that Sir William Howe was secretly concerned with Coffin, one of the strangers mentioned in the text, and had a large share in his gains: and for this cause he may have been willing to discountenance a paper-money that would only be valuable so long as he himself was victorious.

In the piece to which this note relates, it would seem as though Stanbury had been willing to indulge in a little irony at the expense of his fellow loyalists, by versifying the language of a petition to Howe from some of the advocates for the restoration of the old paper currency, and at the same time interpolating the answers of its adversaries.

NOTE



## NOTE 17, Page 18.

The year 1759 was distinguished in America by the great successes gained over the French by the British. Ticonderoga, Niagara and Quebec were taken, and the way made clear for the downfall of French power in Canada.

## NOTE 18, Page 19.

The accustomed night-watch of the city was of course insufficient to preserve the peace on occasion of twelve or fifteen thousand strangers being added to its population; and the first days of Howe's occupation were marked by constant thefts and burglaries. It was not considered desirable to establish a military patrol in place of a civil police; so Howe appointed a number of citizens to be Commissioners of the Watch, and to increase its numbers and efficiency. Of these Stansbury was one. But as the men would not receive their pay in the paper money, which would buy them nothing in the shops; and as the Commissioners had no other to give them; there arose an opportunity of bringing the matter before the English General.

## NOTE 19, Page 19.

This must refer to an Address of Congratulation to Howe on his arrival at Philadelphia, and to the refusal of people to sign it until he had secured, so far as in him lay, the value of their local currency by placing it, if not on a par, at least in a due proportion to specie as a legal tender.

## NOTE 20, Page 19.

Faithful to their principles, the Quakers of Philadelphia were the only class there resolute not to be moved by the events of war. When Howe actually took possession of the city in 1777, their conduct was similar to that which they displayed in the preceding year when he threatened to advance



advance upon it through the Jerseys. Robert Morris has vividly painted the scene on the latter occasion, in a letter to the Commissioners at Paris, dated Philadelphia, 21st December, 1776: "This city was for ten days " the greatest scene of distress that you can conceive: everybody but the " Quakers were removing their families and effects, and now it looks " dismal and melancholy. The Quakers and their families pretty generally remain," *etc.* On Howe's entrance in 1777, he issued a number of proclamations respecting the requirements of the army, the police to be maintained, and the like; a complete collection of which is now before me. One of them relates to the occasion of this Epigram, and as but one hundred copies of it were struck off for posting, and probably no other exemplar exists, it is transcribed here at large.

" *Philadelphia, October 31, 1777.* Five or Six Hundred Blankets are " wanted for the Troops. The Inhabitants are requested to furnish that " Number to the Barrack-Master, who will pay for them, or return them " in a few Days." So soon as the fleet got up, it was doubtless an easy matter to restore blanket for blanket; but it is as easy to imagine that in such cases old lamps are generally exchanged for new. It is problematical whether Friends did not feel as sensibly the injury of being called on to supply blankets to the English soldiery as to the American: but they did not, at all events, complain of it so warmly.

NOTE 21, Page 20.

Many of the circumstances referred to in this Song, are related in a preceding Note. In order to bolster up the circulation of the paper money issued under the proprietary government, several hundred citizens of Philadelphia had subscribed an Agreement, dated October 1st, 1777, whereby they promised to take it at certain fixed rates: an English guinea to be estimated at thirty-five shillings, Pennsylvania currency, for instance; a Spanish dollar at seven and sixpence, and the like. The list of signers gives some notion of the families who remained in town when Howe drew near. Stansbury was of course one of them.

The

The song itself, though set to a jingling nursery air, has its interest as showing how matters were carried on at the time. The Philadelphia market was almost bare of many articles of necessity, and of almost all of luxury, when the British came in. That of New York was in a better condition; and from it and from England cargoes were waiting to be discharged on the wharves at Philadelphia so soon as opportunity offered. Of course the profits were to be heavy; the more so, as being confined to a favoured few. On the 8th August, 1777, a writer from New York says: "For some time past the demand for goods of all sorts, and the high prices given for them, has made the fortunes of those who brought out cargoes with them. This lucrative traffic has been confined to a few favourites, chiefly Scotchmen. It was thought the British Prohibitory Act would have prevented the arrival, in America, of all British goods; but so far from it, that Act has thrown the *whole* trade into the hands of a few who make a monopoly of it. But the departure of the fleet and army, which has carried off 24,000 people, soldiers, sailors, and attendants, together with a proclamation issued out, prohibiting all intercourse with the Jerseys, has made trade very dull of late; however, many of those who came out lately, and have not got their cargoes sold, are reshipping their goods, to be ready to sail whenever intelligence arrives of Sir William Howe having made good his landing, where they intend to dispose of their goods to great advantage." The character of the supplies mentioned in the Song is amusing; and the arrival of the fleet of transports is spoken of as restoring to the docks of Philadelphia their former appearance of commercial prosperity. But there must have been a great scarcity of many of the ordinary staples of traffic before Howe appeared, as may be gathered from the fact of the importation of Irish beef: an article that had been theretofore prized for seastores in this country, but not for consumption on shore, where our own cattle were abundant. "For long voyages," says the testimony before the Embargo Committee in 1777, "Irish beef is preferred in America because it keeps better: there is not the smallest probability of its being preferred for the army."—*Almon's Remembrancer*, viii: 207.

## NOTE 22, Page 22.

If the whigs of America had their troubles during the war, it must not be supposed that the tories slept upon a bed of roses. At Philadelphia even, where there were hundreds suspected of loyal proclivities, a tory was held by the whigs in 1774 as "the most despicable animal in the creation. Spiders, toads, snakes, are their only proper emblem." So long as they continued passively loyal, they were subjected to affronts and indignities, but when hostilities became active, they felt the full weight of whig displeasure. It is but fair to add that on their side they were not remiss in seeking to injure their opponents. Every record of the time throws more or less light on this sad condition of affairs, the inevitable consequence of a civil war in any form or degree. Thus Marshall enters in his Diary, *January 21st, 1777*; "Deal of floating ice in the river, so as to prevent the plunder of a number of Tories in the Jerseys (part of which, it's said to the amount of thirtyseven wagons, is arrived at William Cooper's ferry, &c.), from being brought over to this city." The tories in New Jersey were far more active than their Pennsylvania friends. In 1777, we find Alexander Hamilton urging Governor Livingston to visit with exemplary punishment all such, taken in arms or employed in enlisting men for the British service: and while Livingston hanged them for treason against the state when opportunity offered, Washington himself saw the necessity of stringent measures against the most atrocious offenders, and thus wrote to Congress: "In this state, I have strong assurance that the spirit of disaffection has risen to a great height; and I shall not be disappointed if a large number of the inhabitants in some of the counties should openly appear in arms, as soon as the enemy begin their operations."

NOTE

## NOTE 23, Page 23.

Sir William Howe's bitterest enemies never denied him the possession of "those military abilities which were demonstrated in his manœuvres "on Long Island and the Brandywine, and that undaunted courage which "was so apparent in the action at Bunker's Hill." But his warmest friends must have perceived in his conduct of the American campaign, an alloy of ignoble traits that, under Cromwell or Napoleon, would have brought a commanding general to a very disgraceful end.

In considering his career in America it must be borne in mind that great results were at first expected by his brother, Lord Howe, and himself, from the pacific powers with which, as Royal Commissioners, they were invested. It is very probable that Lord Howe, who was a purer character than Sir William, counted a great deal on the influence of Dr. Franklin and some other leaders in the American councils in favour of bringing about an accommodation. His interviews with Franklin on this subject, while the latter was yet in England, as related by the doctor himself, could not have inspired him with very strong faith in the success of such an undertaking: yet we must remember that each party may have looked at the event in a different light. It is certain that Lord Howe took every preliminary step that was in his power to gain favour in the eyes of the Americans; among other evidences of which is the following letter (which I believe has not been published) from Mr. De Berdt, to James Kinsey, Esq., of the New Jersey Legislature.

*London, May 5, 1776. Sir:* My Brother in Law Joseph Read Esq. having particularly informed me the honor your Assembly has done me by choosing me their Agent in November last, and how the obligation was increased by the unanimity of the choice, give me leave Sir with the acknowledgment of the favor to attempt some proof of my attachment and regard to your Province and Country.

I would inform you that from public report there was the greatest  
reason



reason to believe Lord Howe who is going out to America commander in chief of his Majesties Forces, &ca, &ca, had designs the most friendly & intentions of accommodating the unhappy differences without violence. I therefore did myself the honor to wait upon him and was so confirmed in my belief of what I had heard and so fully satisfied from his Lordship's conversation that he accepted his commission solely with a view to effect Peace, that I cannot help communicating to you a proposal which I am confident is the wish & desire of his Lordship & I think is your duty and interest. I do not write this merely as matter of opinion or recommend it as a prudent step only; but propose it from a full conviction of my judgement that it is reasonable—that it is right—and further I have assurances that it will be accepted and that no unreasonable concessions will be requested.

And tho' it is presumable that his Lordship's instructions are confined within the act of Parliament appointing Commissioners yet it is generally believed he has such dispensing powers that with a disposition to treat he is authorized to compromise & adjust.

What I mean is that immediately on Lord Howe's arrival a Parly or Conference be proposed between him and certain Deputies from among you to converse on the state of public affairs as Gentlemen & Friends.

The general report in England of his peacefull intentions confirmed from private conferences with some of your friends who have wrote to you on the subject begging that the matter may be taken into your most serious consideration and the particular respect which the people of America bear his Lordship and Family, added to his amiable character as an Officer and a Gentleman surely a parly may be brought about for some such reasons in which the dignity of his country will not be affected nor the honour of America called in question.

My real regard for America, my wish for peace and reconciliation, my faith in Lord Howe's personal assurances and my desire of giving early proof to your honorable House of Assembly that their appointment is fallen upon a Man who will ever make it the study of his Life to promote  
the



the welfare and happiness of his constituents, these motives & these alone influence my Heart & actuate my Conduct.

However unsuccessful this humble attempt of mine may prove, I beg it may be remembered as a proof of my good wishes and intentions. I beg you will communicate this to the House <sup>as early</sup> as possible and to accept my assurances of esteem & regard. I am your obliged and obedient hble servt.

DENNIS DE BERDT.

*Favored by Lord Howe.*

With such credentials Lord Howe departed on his mission, in expectation, no doubt, of procuring an accommodation. In a contemporaneous manuscript notebook of George Chalmers, I find this memorandum: "C. Stewart says—that Lord H— having been assured by Dr. Franklin, what would satisfy the Colonies, made it a point that he should be empowered to grant these. He was empowered. He took privateers on his voyage, but dismissed them, desiring them to say; Lord H— was to make peace. *He told Arbuthnot, at Halifax, that peace would be made within ten days after his arrival.*" Had he arrived in season, it is within the limits of possibility that he might have effected something, if we may draw any inferences from the anxiety displayed by the advocates for Independence in Congress to propagate the belief that there were no such Commissioners coming at all; and the attention that was given to the report by others who were not so warm in that cause. "We are waiting, it is said," says Adams in April, 1776, "for commissioners; a messiah that will never come. This story of commissioners is as arrant an illusion as ever was hatched in the brain of an enthusiast, a politician, or a maniac. I have laughed at it, scolded at it, grieved at it, and I don't know but I may, in an unguarded moment, have rip'd at it. But it is in vain to reason against such delusions. I was very sorry to see, in a letter from the General [Washington] that he had been bubbled with it; and still more, to see, in a letter from my sagacious friend, W. [James Warren] at Plymouth, that he was taken in too." But Commissioners were coming, and it would be rendering slight justice to New

England

England astuteness not to believe her delegates knew it. It is not at all improbable, in the opinion of some, that before the arrival of Sir William Howe at Sandy Hook on the 25th of June, and of Lord Howe at Staten Island on the 12th July, the prospect of encountering them as fellow-subjects and negotiators, instead of as foreigners and enemies, had been fully considered; and that the necessity of committing the colonies through their representatives, to an extent that would put an accommodation out of the question, had a great deal to do with the enactment on the 2nd July, of the resolution declaring "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." And accordingly, though the Howes waited for overtures from the whigs ere they commenced hostilities, and even directly invited just such a conference with members of congress as had been recommended by De Berdt (who probably was their mouthpiece in his letter), yet congress was now able to point to its record, and refuse to negotiate save on the footing of independency.

In the warfare that presently ensued, Sir William Howe frequently displayed good generalship: in fact it appears as though, when he himself felt that he *must* fight, his abilities were superior to those of any or all of his opponents. But he omitted to push his victories, and seemed determined to leave the Americans at least the nucleus of an army. After defeating the Americans on Long Island, a vigorous night-attack on their works would probably have demolished our army; instead of which, the next day saw them escaped to the main land. After the reduction of Fort Washington, when Greene retreated with the garrison of Fort Lee left it should share the same fate, Thomas Payne, who was with the troops, was of opinion that Howe committed another oversight, in not detaching a force from Staten Island through Amboy, whereby Greene's retreat into Pennsylvania might have been cut off, and the American magazines at Brunswick captured. "But," piously adds Payne, "if we believe the power of hell to be limited, we must likewise believe that their agents are under some providential controul." The criticisms of a civilian on

military

military affairs may not be worth much. Fortunately I have before me a series of manuscript memorandums by Sir Henry Clinton, on the events and conduct of the war, that may better test the value of Howe's services. Of the measure that led to the American victories of Trenton and Princeton, Sir Henry observes: "There were who thought (and were not silent) " that a chain across Jersey might be dangerous. General Howe wrote " to General Clinton thus a few days before the misfortune: 'I have been " prevailed upon to run a chain across Jersey: the links are rather too far " afunder.' \* \* \* I am clear," Clinton continues, "it would have been " better if Sir William Howe had not taken a chain across Jersey."

Of the maraudings in 1776-7 of the English in the Jerseys, Clinton says: "Unless we could refrain from plundering, we had no business to take " up winter quarters in a district we wished to preserve loyal. The " Hessians introduced it."

Of Howe's movement from New York against Philadelphia, he observes: "I owe it to truth to say there was not, I believe, a man in the " army except Lord Cornwallis and General Grant who did not reprobate " the move to the southward, and see the necessity of a coöperation with " General Burgoyne."

Of Howe's suffering Washington to retreat, comparatively unpursued at the moment, from the field of Brandywine: "'Tis pity Sir William " Howe could not have begun his march at nightfall, instead of eight " o'clock in the morning."

Of Howe's crowning the campaign with the occupation of Philadelphia: "General Clinton told Lord George Germain, April 27th, and Sir " William Howe repeatedly, after his return to America, his humble " opinion that Philadelphia had better close than open the campaign, as " it required an army to defend it."

Of the battle of Germantown and the check to the Americans occasioned by Musgrave's throwing himself with a few companies into Chew's House, Sir Henry makes a remark that, while it shews on what chances the fate of a battle may turn, does not at all support Howe's asseveration  
that

that his army was not surpris'd: "Had Washington left a corps to observe this house, and proceeded, there is no saying what might have been the consequence."

But enough has been quoted to exhibit Sir William's deficiencies: what their cause was is another question. Tradition assigns a base motive to him, in the assertion of a desire to increase his fortune in procrastinating the war, through underhand arrangements with those to whom he assigned the privileges of trade, and others. He is said to have been the secret partner of Coffin, a great trader under the royal flag. Harsh as this suspicion may sound, it is confirmed by Horace Walpole's language to Sir Horace Mann, in 1778: "General Howe is returned, richer in money than in laurels;" and by that of Adams, a year earlier: "These two Howes were very poor, and they have spent the little fortunes they had in bribery at elections; and having obtained seats in Parliament, and having some reputation as brave men, they had nothing to do but to carry their votes and their valor to market, and, it is very true, they have sold them at a high price." During the period of his command in America, there was such a corrupt mismanagement of the fiscal concerns of his army, as staggered even a Scottish placehunter. "The speculation in every profitable branch of the service," wrote Wedderburn in 1777-8, "is represented to be enormous, and as usual, it is attended with a shocking neglect of every comfort to the troops. The hospitals are pesthouses, and the provisions served out are poison: those that are to be bought, are sold at the highest prices of a monopoly." It is easy to see how, in this state of affairs, a venal commander might make his own bargains with those with whom he would combine to defraud his followers and his country. There is no positive evidence, however, that Howe was guilty in this regard: the only proof we have is such as has been recited and such loose assertions as that contained in the gossip of the times; a specimen of which may be found in the Verses circulated in Edinburgh in May, 1778, on occasion of equipping a new Scots regiment, and commencing, *How art thou fallen, poor John Bull!*—in which reference is made to the Americans

Who



Who force thee from thy native right,  
 Because thy Heroes will not fight:  
 (Perfidious men! who millions gain  
 By each protracted, flow campaign!)

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall speaks very plainly of the estimate he put upon Sir William and his brother; they were "either lukewarm, or remiss, or negligent, or incapable. Lord North's selection of these two commanders excited, at the time, just condemnation. However brave, able, or meritorious they might individually be esteemed as professional men, their ardour in the cause itself was doubted, and still more questionable was their attachment to the administration. Never, perhaps, in the history of modern war, has an army or a fleet been more profusely supplied with every requisite for brilliant and efficient service, than were the troops and ships sent out by Lord North's cabinet, in 1776, across the Atlantic. But the efforts abroad did not correspond with the exertions made at home. The energy and activity of a Wellington never animated that torpid mass. Neither vigilance, enterprise, nor coöperation characterized the campaign of 1776 and 1777. Dissipation, play, and relaxation of discipline found their way into the British camp."

The secret of the appointment may have been that North, knowing the professional abilities of the men; the esteem in which their relationship to the Howe who was slain in America during the Seven Years' War entitled them to be held in that country; their political connexions with the Whigs in England; and perhaps, their kindred (on the wrong side of the blanket, it is true—and indeed the same was whispered of the premier himself—to the sovereign; was influenced by one or all of these considerations to bestow on them the posts in question. To carry this through, arrangements had to be made in regard to Sir Guy Carleton, the commander in Canada, who was Howe's senior officer—an older soldier, and perhaps a better; at all events a more zealous and active one. Indeed, such was Howe's sluggishness and love of pleasure in almost every form



form (see *Coll. Hist. Soc. Penn.*, 1, 120), that it is no great praise to say thus much of Carleton. Sir Walter Scott quotes from an old song in one of his letters

General Howe is a gallant commander,  
There are others as gallant as he ;

and in Simcoe, a mere grenadier captain of the 40th, under Sir William's command, the stuff might have been found for a leader who, in Sir William's place, would have given a different turn to events. By the end of the winter of 1777-8, the ministry gave their general to understand that they were very ill content with what he had done, or rather with what he had left undone ; and his pride or his prudence at once took umbrage. He already looked on Clinton as a rival ; and had thus addressed Lord George Germain on this head : " I am led to hope that I may be relieved from this very painful service, wherein I have not the good fortune to enjoy the necessary support and confidence of my superiors, but which, I conclude, will be extended to Sir Henry Clinton, my presumptive successor. By the return of the packet I humbly request I may have his Majesty's permission to resign." When the permission came, however, he discovered, if we are to believe that the American general Charles Lee rightly interpreted his sentiments, that he had all along been made use of as an instrument of ministerial wickedness and folly. Nothing can be more characteristic than the portrait Lee draws of Sir William : " He is naturally good humored, complaisant, but illiterate and indolent to the last degree, unless as an executive soldier, in which capacity he is all fire and activity, brave and cool as Julius Cæsar. His understanding is, as I observed before, rather good than otherwise, but was totally confounded and stupified by the immensity of the task imposed upon him. He shut his eyes, fought his battles, drank his bottle, had his little —, advised with his counsellors, received his orders from North and Germaine (one more absurd than the other), took Galloway's opinion, shut his eyes, fought again, and is now, I

" suppose,

“suppose, to be called to account for acting according to instructions.” Lee thought that the conflict between Washington and Howe had resolved itself into a trial of the efficacy of their respective blunders. “It seemed “to be a trial of skill, which party should outdo the other, and it is hard “to say which played the deepest strokes; but it was a capital one of “ours, which certainly gave the happy turn which affairs have taken. “Upon my soul, it was time for Fortune to interpose, or we were inevitably lost.” So far as his treatment of Americans was concerned, Howe’s blunders were indeed capital. He incensed the whigs by his severities: he repelled the loyalists, by putting as little confidence in them as might be, and discouraging their organization and action in arms; and he wasted his time in futile efforts to open, through the medium of Sullivan, Lee, Willing, and other whigs, negotiations with Congress. He returned to England unpopular alike with the ministry and the nation, although followed by the applause of those whom he had commanded. Even at Nottingham, his own town, he was not acceptable to the inhabitants. Unlike his brother, who lived to do his country brilliant service and to add a fresher lustre to the maritime glory of England, Sir William was never again, so far as is generally known, invested with command. He appears to have succeeded to this brother’s Irish Viscounty (the English peerage failing, for lack of a son to its possessor) and died in 1814.

## NOTE 24, Page 24.

Though Discord, your generous zeal to oppose,  
 Shall nourish sedition and hate,  
 Till your Friends feel the horrors of War with your Foes,  
 Your success is ensur’d you by Fate.—*Author’s Variation.*

## NOTE 25, Page 25.

Hermes’ Wand the fierce Snakes could no longer unite;  
 Its Virtues they wholly defied:  
 The branch of the Olive did only affright,  
 To see it at random applied.—*Author’s Variation.*

Perhaps

Perhaps there may be an allusion here to the broken Snake, with the motto *Unite or Die*, so much in vogue at the time as a patriotic device.

NOTE 26, Page 29.

The efforts of the Philadelphians to obtain the commercial restoration of their colonial paper currency have been dwelt upon in a previous note. This poem commemorates the failure of their endeavours.

NOTE 27, Page 29.

While the style of Dr. Smith's Oration may have recommended it to the loyal bard, it probably lost nothing, in his estimation, by the circumstance of its author losing grace in the eyes of Congress. "The oration was an insolent performance," says Mr. Adams. "A motion was made to thank the Orator, and ask a copy, but opposed with great spirit and vivacity from every part of the room, and at last withdrawn, left it should be rejected, as it certainly would have been, with indignation. The Orator then printed it himself, after leaving out or altering some offensive passages. This is one of the most irregular and extravagant characters of the age. I never heard one single person speak well of anything about him but his abilities, which are generally allowed to be good. The appointment of him to make the oration was a great oversight and mistake." The objection urged in Congress to the motion was that the Orator had declared them to be still anxious for a dependency upon Great Britain. The motion was sustained, though fruitlessly, by William Livingston, Duane, Thomas Willing, James Wilson, &c.

NOTE 28, Page 30.

—Nor lost or dead or founder'd Horse:  
 I would to Heaven it were no worse.  
 But fain I must your Patience ask  
 While I perform the mournful task;  
 —So mournful, I could weep, *my honey*—  
 Alas! the Death of Paper Money.—*Author's Variation.*  
 Whether

Whether Howe or Montgomery be aimed at in the first part of the paragraph referred to by this note, the reader may decide. Perhaps the poet, in no very amiable mood at the time, when Howe's conduct had reduced to worthlessness the moneybags of many of the citizens, may have purposely dealt in an ambiguous expression. As to the *Want of Bread* which threatened him and his friends, left thus in the lurch without available funds, the prices that provisions bore in Philadelphia at that period would seem to warrant his alarm. Before the Americans withdrew, the better classes had been forced in great measure to relinquish the use of West India goods. "Milk has become the breakfast of many of the "wealthiest and genteel families here." Loaf sugar sold then at four dollars a pound; brown sugar of the poorest quality at a dollar; and New England rum at forty shillings a gallon. After the royal army entered the city, and before the arrival of the fleet, beef was at three and nine pence (half a dollar) and butter at seven and six pence (one dollar) the pound; and this in specie. And before the winter was over, even these difficult times were made more arduous to be endured. In February, 1778, flour commanded three guineas the hundred weight, and all other provisions were at a proportional rate. Congress had made it a capital felony for any inhabitant of Pennsylvania or New Jersey to supply provisions to Philadelphia, and the American patrolling parties made it an especial point to cut off all such persons as, tempted by the prices their commodities brought in that market, would seek to evade or defy the decree. As the troops were well furnished with garrison rations, this prohibition fell most severely on the citizens of the town; and its rigour forced a parliamentary admission of its injustice from Marshal Conway, one of the steadiest opponents of the English ministry. He stated correctly the military principle "that when the hope of subduing an enemy "by starving made the penalty of supplying them with provisions *death*, "then those who were the trespassers did it at their peril, and the general "who published the order was justified: but in no other case." In these straits, the leading Quaker gentry of Philadelphia were, it is said, compelled



pelled to make applications to Dr. Fothergill and others of their persuasion at London, for relief, to be repaid at the end of the troubles.

NOTE 29, Page 30.

With grief the Muse proceeds and tells.—*Author's Variation.*

NOTE 30, Page 35.

On the 29th of January, 1778, Sir James Wallace of the *Experiment* (a fourth-rater of fifty guns), brought as a prize into New York the Lady Margaret, a Dutch vessel of 600 tons, commanded by Captain De Ruyter and bound from Cadiz to Carolina on account of Congress. Her cargo chiefly consisted in 5000 pounds of Jesuit's Bark; wine; salt; brandy; cordage; linens; tea; medicines; and mercer's ware: articles of the first necessity to our army. The prize was a rich one; and there was an additional satisfaction to the royalists in its detection while engaged in the trade with the Americans that it was well known France and Holland were covertly carrying on.

As for Wallace himself, he seems to have been a brutal sort of a sea-dog; something after the now happily obsolete style of Sir Hawser Trunion. "His character upon the coast was that of being brutal and info-lent beyond his peers," says one of his acquaintance: and his behaviour on shore was that of a man who would swear at a lady and bully a clergyman or a Quaker. On one occasion, at a supper table in Philadelphia, he pursued a Quaker with a deal of vulgar raillery and sarcasm, till the latter was tempted to resort, if not to the weapon of the carnal Adam, at least to that of the representatives of our mother Eve. "Captain," said the "friend, thou hast made very free with me, and asked me a great many questions, which I have endeavoured to answer to thy satisfaction: wilt thou now permit me to ask thee one in my turn?" "Oh, by all means," answered Sir James; "any thing that you please, friend—what is it?" "Why, then, I wish to be informed what makes thee drink so often?"

"Art



“ Art thou really dry, every time thou carriest the liquor to thy mouth ?”  
 “ What,” screamed Wallace in a gust of rage—“ what ! do you think I  
 “ am a hog, only to drink when I am dry !” The Quaker retreated  
 under a volley of oaths, satisfied no doubt with the homethrust he had in-  
 flicted. Wallace was however a good failor ; and though he and the  
 Experiment were taken by D’Estaing’s fleet in September, 1779, he was  
 soon at sea again. Indeed the Experiment itself is reported as being at  
 Gibraltar in June, 1780, and in July Wallace himself, in command of  
 the Nonfuch, just after completing the destruction of the *Legere*, a French  
 frigate, was so lucky as to fall in with and capture *La Belle Poule*, re-  
 nowned in naval song for her encounter with the “ faucy Arethusa.” In  
 1783 he made a sensation in London by prosecuting to conviction Mr.  
 Bourne, of the Marines, for an assault, to the unqualified disgust of the  
 corps : which passed a resolve that no gentleman bearing his majesty’s  
 commission ought to go out with a man who, having been publicly caned,  
 &c., thought fit to seek for his redress in a Court of Justice.

## NOTE 31, Page 35.

You Tories compare these poor devils to Mites, who always destroy  
 the substance that gives them life and support.—*Author’s Note.*

## NOTE 32, Page 35.

The Experiment man of war commanded by Sir James.—*Author’s  
 Note.*

## NOTE 33, Page 35.

Brandy won’t save them—“ as the saying is.” \* \* \* The Ship’s Cargo  
 consisted of the above mentioned articles.—*Author’s Note.*

NOTE

NOTE 34, Page 36.

Such affociations as the Church-and-King club were not of unusual occurrence with the loyalists. They were generally designed to bring together at the dinner table a party of men whose political sentiments were in unison. In this instance, the members were probably Philadelphians, who had followed the royal standard to New York: the phrase, *'tis all the same in Dutch*, being a local expression arising from the numbers of German settlers in Pennsylvania. To the first two lines of the burthen the author gives a variation :

Let old Diogenes fettle the nation ;  
He ne'er had a drop of good wine in his tub.

NOTE 35, Page 36.

The allusion to the Howes in this verse is sufficiently clear. The capture of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga, and his dinner with General Gates, is also referred to.

NOTE 36, Page 36.

It was frequently declared, at this period, by the advocates of England, that Congress had given secretly some sort of a lien upon part of the American territories to France, as a security for the assistance afforded us by that power. Of course there was no truth in the report. The exultations of the Americans, and of Congress in particular, was however (and naturally so) very great, at the prospect of the results to flow from such a connexion as the confederation had now formed. The first anniversary of the day on which the Treaty was signed was celebrated by a banquet given by Congress to the French Minister ; at which the King and Queen of France, the King of Spain, and all the Princes of the House of Bourbon, were formally toasted, under salvos of artillery. On  
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the 8th of May, 1778, Congress had issued an address to the people, in which the certainty of victory over England was proclaimed, and a warm picture given of the prosperity which would then attend the destinies of the United States.

NOTE 37, Page 39.

Nothing more vigorous than *The Town Meeting* is to be found among all the loyal satires produced during the revolutionary war; nor was its popularity surpassed by that of any other of its class. That it hit the whigs severely, and that its personalities were shrewdly aimed, is evident to any one familiar with the history of the times: and Stansbury's familiarity with the people and politics of Philadelphia enabled him to easily bring into successful ridicule many of those subordinate characters of the drama—*Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque*—who rarely figure in isolated positions on the pages of history. The result has been stated in an earlier Note; the resentment of this class subsisted in strength sufficient to prevent his return to the city after the Peace, while that of more important characters had long faded away. Men who are unaccustomed to public admiration are generally unforgiving of public censure, or sarcasm.

Unlike the majority of the author's productions that have appeared in this volume, *The Town Meeting* is not printed from his original manuscript. But as it was first published under his own inspection, that text has been taken as a standard for comparison with a number of contemporaneous manuscript copies in various hands. One of these, formerly among the papers of the late Edward Duffield of Moreland, was printed several years since, in an edition of ten copies, by the late Edward D. Ingraham; viz: *The Town Meeting: A Tory Squib*. From the Copy found among the Papers of the late Edward Duffield, Esquire, of Moreland. *Le bon vieux temps*. Philadelphia, 1837. 8 vo. pp. 8.

Another, though a slightly incorrect version is given in Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, II; 204.

To properly comprehend the verses, the condition of affairs existing in  
the

the city at the period must be present to the reader. The new constitution of Pennsylvania, adopted in 1776, was bitterly opposed by the moderate whigs, and also by almost every one who was not an active whig. It was supported in great measure by what John Adams called "the democratic party." That it was first conceived or put forward to gratify the desires of the wealthier and graver classes of the population is improbable. There were whispers that it was the fruit of the promptings of certain New England delegates in Congress, who were dissatisfied with any line likely to be pursued by an Assembly chosen exclusively by electors with a freehold qualification; and who therefore devised these means of procuring an alteration in the character of the provincial legislature. If there was any truth in this suggestion, John Adams could not have been involved in the business, for he had no good opinion of the new frame of government. His colleague Samuel Adams, however, intrigued so keenly to saddle it on a community of which he was not a citizen, as to provoke, according to Gordon, some persons "to drop distant hints of an assassination." Once in operation, its power was wielded exclusively by the people that had procured its adoption; and if some, who at first decried its suitability to the wants and the rights of the inhabitants, afterwards became its expounders, it was because there was no other means of obtaining civil authority in the State than by the aid of the new party.

In the mean time, the financial condition of the country was producing an effect on the minds of men. Up to 1779, there had been emitted, by Congress, about sixty millions of dollars in paper money, which was then in circulation and unredeemed. There was also due by the United States, for moneys borrowed, about forty millions more. The terms of the articles of confederation gave Congress no sufficient power to raise the means of discharging these debts: indeed, all the states, though represented in that body, had not as yet consented to the Confederation. At the period in question, the Continental Treasury had received in all but about three millions of dollars for taxes. It is therefore very plain that the Continental Paper Money could have had no other commercial value than what  
arose



arose from the common consent to give and take it in some proportion or other to its nominal value. Tender laws, which compelled creditors to receive it, or have their debts cancelled by refusal, served only to injure a certain number of mortgagees or bondholders; they could not endow the paper money with vitality. Nothing of course could do this but a reasonable ground of belief in its eventual redemption by the United States; and the practical comment upon the justice of such a belief may be seen in the bushels of bills that cumbered, within the recollection of the present generation, more than one old garret. Accordingly, the value of the notes issued by Congress was daily decreasing through all the war: so that while in 1780 three hundred pounds in this currency would buy a dog, and three thousand an ox and a half and a few eggs; in 1781, seven hundred pounds in paper represented but ten in specie; and a mob is said to have paraded through the streets of Philadelphia with colors flying and cockades of paper dollars in their hats, escorting a dog which had been tarred and then stuck over, not with feathers, but with congressional paper money. In the next year this currency found its real value, at which it has remained ever since.

The compulsory laws, which forced creditors to receive this money, could have produced no good effect on the morals of the community. Watson observes that one of the worst uses to which it was put "was to present it as 'a legal tender,' to pay with almost no value what had been before purchased for a *bona fide* valuable consideration. Many base men "so acquired their property: especially when 'to cheat a tory' was deemed "fair prize with several. Houses still stand in Philadelphia, which, could "their walls speak out, would tell of strangely inconsiderable values received for them by the sellers. The large double house, for instance, "at the north-west corner of Second and Pine streets, was once purchased, "it was said, with the money received for one hogshead of rum. The "lot in Front, below Pine, whereon four or five large houses stood, called "Barclay's Row, was sold for £60 only of real value." When however the continued depreciation of the bills had reached a point that rendered their



their own possessions unsafe, the whigs generally began to be uneasy. Day by day its value decreased with the increase of its amount. A man might sell a barrel of flour for a hundred pounds today, and tomorrow it would cost him, to repurchase it, a hundred and twenty. Naturally, the prices of all sorts of commodities were regulated by the value of the money with which they were to be bought. The small dealers, who to a great extent sold their own produce, were just as careful to follow the scale of depreciation as the extensive merchant whose warehouses were filled with goods. But as the latter very often sought to obtain the control of the market by securing, for the time being, the command of the supply, he was constantly liable to fall within the category of forestallers and monopolists. To prevent, therefore, the depreciation of the money, the authorities of the day contemplated the limitation of prices; while the government of Pennsylvania, in January, 1779, declared its intention of enforcing the heaviest penalties against forestallers. Unfortunately, however, there would appear to have been such a spice of partizan politics infused into the consideration of this branch of the question as to give room to suppose at the time that private as well as public motives would enter into the enforcement of these penalties. Robert Morris was then held in great dislike by the party in the commonwealth that he was opposed to; and he was also the principal holder of flour among the merchants. He had, at this period, a contract for procuring large quantities of that article for the French fleet. In furtherance of their objects, a town meeting was held at Philadelphia on the 25th of May, 1779. The popular excitement, already sufficiently great, was stimulated to fever heat by a parade of the militia on the day previous, as narrated by the poet in Canto First: the proceedings of the meeting itself are in a measure told in Canto Second. But as it may not be amiss to give a connected account of the conclusion as well as of the beginning of this business, this Note will be carried to a greater length. I have before me a broadside account of the occasion, evidently published by authority of the officers of the day for the information of the public. The Chairman, General Roberdeau, after a speech  
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in which the evils of forestalling were dwelt upon; the orator's conviction declared that a combination had been formed for raising the prices of goods and provisions; the necessity of such combinations being put down by the people asserted; and the fact expatiated on, that during the past six months prices had risen week by week: then introduced a series of resolutions that had been prepared beforehand by a committee of citizens. These pointed out Robert Morris by name as the ostensible actor in bringing about the recent rise of prices, and ordered that a committee should investigate his conduct, and that he should answer in writing the interrogatories to be put to him: that the prices of West India goods, tea, flour, &c., should instantly be reduced to the rates of May 1st; that offenders against these resolutions should be noticed by the committee; that the conduct of suspected public officers under Congress be examined into by another committee; that all persons "inimical to the interest and "independence of the United States" should be expelled from the community, &c. These resolutions were, after some debate, agreed to. On the next day (May 26th), General Joseph Reed, Mr. Bayard, and some others, presented a memorial to Congress on the same subjects as had occasioned the meeting: it was referred to a committee of which John Dickinson was chairman; and an answer presently appeared that was not at all satisfactory to those who presented the memorial. On the 26th of May, the Committee appointed at the Town Meeting on the 25th, published a tariff of prices; at which rates only were people to be permitted to buy and sell. In June, another and a yet lower tariff was adopted, and the Committee made its power felt by several of the chief merchants, whose conduct had not tallied with the will of the people. Morris in especial was the subject of indignation. His own statement of his position, and of the disturbances to which his business had been subjected, will be found in the local newspapers of the day. On the 26th July, the Committee, through William Bradford, Esq., its chairman, published an Address, in which the justice and expediency of their conduct was maintained, and the fact declared that the result of the Town Meeting in May had been

been to put a stop to the depreciation of paper money. The remonstrance of eighty merchants who avowed, in the opening of their representation, that since the days of the Stamp Act they had been steady and decided whigs, was published about the same time. It was more reasonable than the Address of the Committee, but it produced less effect. It was in vain that they urged that they had to contend, in making their purchases, with the same depreciation that their customers were aggrieved by : that a vessel, for instance, such as formerly could be bought for £600 or £700, now cost upwards of £40,000. A considerable portion of the inhabitants were resolute to sustain the Committee, and would not be convinced by anything that could be said by men whom party rage confounded with concealed Tories. In the end of June, a militia company of artillery declared its desire to take up arms against their fellow-citizens in support of the decrees of the Town Meeting and the Committee ; and through the summer, the illwill and excitement was constantly on the increase. Morris, McClenachan, and other prominent characters were openly menaced, and placards were posted, on the morning of October 4th, threatening the breaking open of their stores. A meeting of the Militia was called for that morning, the object of which was undoubtedly violence ; and the mob, including a number of armed militia-men, took up their line of march through the city. It is not known now what particular end they had in view : but probably their intent was to act, as circumstances might suggest, against all obnoxious persons. They had already seized two such individuals, when they arrived at the dwelling of James Wilson, at the corner of Walnut and Third Streets. Wilson was a whig, and a Signer of the Declaration of Independence ; but he was of the same political creed as Robert Morris ; and was additionally odious to the government party by reason of his services as a lawyer, to a number of persons not long before indicted for High Treason. He was therefore among those threatened with popular vengeance ; and some thirty or forty of his friends had assembled at his house to defend him. It would seem that this party comprised several who were marked by the mob. Very happily, however,

ever, General Mifflin was one of the number, who was a warm political enemy of General Reed, the head of the executive of the state. Mifflin had very sagaciously advised that information of the approaching assault should be sent to General Reed, and his counsel had been carried into effect. The house being presently attacked, and life lost upon either side, Mifflin threw open a window, and attempted to address the mob. A man immediately discharged his piece at him, the ball striking the window-ash close by his body; on which the General returned the fire with both his pistols. A bystander relates that he questioned the assailant if he knew whose life he had aimed at: "he replied 'he supposed some damned 'Tory,' and when I informed him that it was General Mifflin, he expressed his surprise and regret." The mob, however, was repulsed, and for the moment retired. It presently returned with cannon; and a party of men armed with sledge-hammers and iron bars soon made a breach in the house. The arrival of General Reed with a couple of Baylor's dragoons, caused the assailants to pause; and very soon after a few of the First City Troop charging into the crowd, it was completely dispersed. The defenders of the house then sallied out, and aided in the seizure of prisoners.

It is stated by Watson that, in anticipation of the affray, the Troop (which was then as now composed of the gentry of the neighborhood) had prepared on this day to be ready for service at a moment's warning. The deceitful calm that prevailed during the morning had induced the members to retire for dinner to their respective homes, and it was only nine of their number who were got together in time to act. Charging suddenly on the mob, ignorance of their real strength aided the panic of their adversaries; and the cry of "*the horse, the horse!*" was a signal for general flight. The party incurred great odium by this feat, and Major Lenox "was particularly marked out for destruction." His house at Germantown was subsequently surrounded in the night-time, and nothing but the opportune arrival of the Troop dispersed his enemies. In allusion to his having thrown aside his long coat, to avoid being dragged from his horse

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on the 4th of October, and thus riding into action in his shirt-sleeves, he was for years after accosted as "brother butcher" in the market-place. Watfon also gives the names of some of the defenders of the house: "Messrs. Wilfon, Morris, Burd, George and Daniel Clymer, John T. Mifflin, Allen McLane, Sharpe Delaney, George Campbell, Paul Beck, "Thomas Laurence, Andrew Robinson, John Potts, Samuel C. Morris, "Captain Campbell, and Generals Mifflin, Nichols, and Thompson. "They were provided with arms, but their stock of ammunition was "very small. While the mob was marching down, General Nichols and "Daniel Clymer proceeded hastily to the Arsenal at Carpenter's Hall, and "filled their pockets with cartridges: this constituted their sole supply. " \* \* \* Allen McLane and Colonel Grayson got into the house after the "fray began. The mob called themselves *Constitutionalists*. Benezet's "fire in the entry from the cellar passage was very effective." John Schaffer, and Colonel Chambers of Lancaster, were also in the house. Captain Campbell was killed: he had served in Hazen's Continental Regiment and had lost an arm. Indeed most of the defenders seem to have been connected with the Continental Army, while their opponents were chiefly of the Militia. Such of the latter as had been arrested after their repulse, were sent to gaol. On the next day, the Militia Officers assembled, and there were apprehensions that they would enforce the release of their comrades. The matter ended by the prisoners being discharged on bail; and the party in the house were also compelled to enter into recognizances. No other legal proceedings were taken by the government of the State, save an act of general pardon to all concerned in the affair, whereby both sides escaped without trial and without punishment.

This tragic conclusion terminated the scene which had occupied the public stage since the 25th of May; and the opposite parties amongst the whigs were thenceforth more tranquil in their hostility. It is noticeable, however, that the flame kindled during 1779 never entirely burned out so long as some of those who shared in the excitement survived. It was the belief



belief of more than one of his enemies that General Reed was implicated in the design of the riot: but the charge is not supported. Watson remarks that General Arnold came to repress the mob, but he was so unpopular that they stoned him. Arnold was Reed's open enemy. He arrived with his weapons at Wilson's house just after the riot was quelled, and turning to the bystanders, observed: "Your President has raised a mob, and now he cannot quell it." Reed was ill in bed when the riot occurred; and several years after, in reference to the remark that he had gone to quell it at the risk of his life, I find this statement in the manuscript of a Philadelphian who certainly bore him no good will: "That is true: for, as he had raised the mob, it was insisted he should go out and and quiet them, and his life was threatened if he did not."

The seventeenth and eighteenth Stanzas of the Second Canto of *The Town Meeting* are quoted in the Life and Correspondence of President Reed, volume 2nd, page 149: which shows that Stansbury's satiric shafts did not, in every instance, penetrate very deeply.

For other particulars of this crisis in the revolutionary history of Pennsylvania, which for a moment so nearly threatened the inauguration of scenes such as those that a few years later transpired in France, see *Reed's Reed*, II; c. 6: *Biog. Signers*, VI; 150. The local newspapers of the day appear to have refrained from the slightest allusion to the *emeute*.

#### NOTE 38, Page 39.

Watson makes this stanza refer to General Reed, but he is in error, it would seem. "John Bayard, for a time Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and a Major in the regiment of which Mr. Roberdeau was Colonel and Mr. Reed Lieutenant-Colonel" is believed to be the person alluded to. As early as 1774, Mr. Bayard was an active whig in the politics of High Street Ward, Philadelphia. Early in 1776 he and Roberdeau fitted out a privateer which soon captured a valuable prize. In 1785 he was a member of Congress, and died in 1807. His nephew, James A. Bayard, was one of the American negotiators at Ghent, and  
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his great-nephews are also distinguished in the public service. *To save one's bacon* is an Americanism, then as now in vogue: "A superior squadron of our allies may come upon the coast in time to save our bacon; there I confess I rest my almost only hope."—*Gates to Reed*, 10th May, 1780.

NOTE 39, Page 40.

Blair M'Clenachan was a leading merchant in Philadelphia, and an active whig. A New York letter of April 19th, 1780, says: "Yesterday arrived in our harbour the brigantine *Macaroni*, commanded by ——— Patterfon, belonging to Mr. Blair M'Lanachan, of Philadelphia. She mounts 14 guns, is a perfect beauty, and was taken by his Majesty's ship *Delight*, Captain Inglis." In June of the same year, he subscribed £10,000 to the establishment of the Bank of Pennsylvania, of which he was chosen Inspector with Robert Morris, and three more. Morris subscribed a like sum. The object of this institution was to facilitate the obtaining supplies for the army. Of other characters referred to in *The Town Meeting*, it may be added here that Joseph Reed subscribed £2000; Thomas M'Kean, John Mitchell, and Benjamin Rush, £2000 each; and Michael Hillegas, £4000: by which it appears that the friends and foes of 1779 were willing to unite for the good of the country in 1780. In 1782, it has been said that he lost heavily, by engaging in a sort of licensed gambling, customary in former times. An account was published, in Rivington's (New York) Gazette, of Rodney's victory over the Count de Grasse, and of the capture of the *Ville de Paris*, the French Admiral's flag-ship. Rivington's paper was of so little credit with the whigs, that none of them believed the story: and they were confirmed in their opinions by the arrival of an American privateer whose people had witnessed the commencement only of the engagement; but whose account of what they saw varied widely from Rivington's statement. In addition, the *Ville de Paris* was so large and powerful a ship that the officers of a French vessel, captured by the English some time after, being informed

of

of the result of the engagement, were exceedingly downcast until they were told of the flagship's misfortune: on which their spirits immediately revived:—"it was all a mistake, a delusion," they cried;—"the *Ville de Paris* could not possibly be taken." But William Bingham, Esq., who had means of obtaining very good intelligence from the West Indies, had probably received secret but authentic tidings: at least it was so reported at Philadelphia soon after. He therefore commenced to open policies on the safety of the *Ville de Paris* with all who would underwrite her. These were chiefly the warm and wealthy whigs, and M'Clenachan is said to have been of the number. Bingham and his friends paid at first 10 *per cent* premium, and from that up to 25 and 30 *per cent*. Some four or five hundred thousand dollars were thus underwritten. The one side was encouraged in its mistake by a letter received by the French Minister, written from Martinico after the battle, that gave cause to believe the *Ville de Paris* had not been taken; while the other relied on its own intelligence, whatever that might have been. After the war, M'Clenachan was sued in England by one *Brag* for damages caused by him while acting under public authority from the Americans. This proceeding, however unjust in itself, was balanced by the New York Statute of 17th March, 1783, prescribing similar measures against the other side. He finally failed in business, and was imprisoned for debt. He was a warm anti-federalist: his proposition at a public meeting during Washington's administration, 'to kick Jay's Treaty to hell' excited much merriment at the time. He seems to have been a warmhearted, enthusiastic man, and a liberal friend to the American cause during the war.

## NOTE 40, Page 40.

Art. IV. "That all power being originally inherent in, and consequently derived from, the people; therefore all officers of government, whether legislative or executive, are their trustees and servants, and at all times accountable to them."—*Pennsylvania Constitution of 1776: Chap. i.*

NOTE

NOTE 41, Page 40.

Robert Morris, Benedict Arnold, and (according to a manuscript note) William Wistar, are here referred to. The first was as distinguished for his abilities as a financier, as the second for his reckless and persevering courage as a soldier. This was while he was stationed at Philadelphia, and before his treason. Wistar was perhaps a citizen of Germantown.

NOTE 42, Page 40.

“Benjamin Paschall, Esquire; Justice of the Peace, and Shoemaker.”  
—*Author's Note.*

NOTE 43, Page 40.

The green sprig of foliage sometimes worn in the hat by the Americans, in lieu of a cockade.

NOTE 44, Page 41.

If the barber who shaved John Adams, and who figures so amusingly in Adams's letters to his wife of 23rd April, 1776, and 28th March, and 23rd April, 1777, was a fair type of their politics, the barbers of Philadelphia must have been staunch whigs. Adams describes him as a dapper little fellow, with an untiring tongue; a sergeant in one of the militia battalions; and troubled with remorse at missing his chance of fortune in the *Rattlesnake* privateer, which with the *Sturdy Beggar*, had taken eleven fine prizes. “Confound the ill luck, Sir; I was going to sea myself on board the *Rattlesnake*, and my wife fell a yelping. These wives are queer things. I told her I wondered she had no more ambition. “Now,” says I, “when you walk the streets and any body asks who that is?” The answer is *Burne the barber's wife*. Should you not be better pleased to hear it said, *That is Captain Burne's lady*, the Captain of “marines on board the *Rattlesnake*?” “O,” says she, “I would rather  
“be



“ called Burne the barber’s wife, than Captain Burne’s widow. I don’t  
 “ desire to live better than you maintain me, my dear.’ So it is, Sir, by  
 “ this sweet, honey language, I am choused out of my prizes, and must  
 “ go on with my soap and razors and pincers and combs. I wish she  
 “ had my ambition.”

## NOTE 45, Page 41.

A manuscript note supplies here the name of a person “ whipp’d at  
 “ Annapolis : now a Committee-man.”

## NOTE 46, Page 41.

“ Dr. Fallon, chairman of one of the Committees.”—*Manuscript Note*.

## NOTE 47, Page 41.

One manuscript of *The Town Meeting* has *Porter Mich.* and adds this  
 note to the whole line : “ The one a Porter, the other a Fisherman ; now  
 “ Captains in the Army.” Watfon also reads Mich. ; and the version  
 printed from the Duffield copy says *Pewterer Will*. I prefer to follow  
 the text in Rivington. *Mich.* might possibly refer to Michael Hillegas,  
 a whig of considerable local influence ; but the description of his antecessors  
 will not apply. *Will* may signify Colonel Will, afterwards Sheriff  
 of Philadelphia County.

## NOTE 48, Page 41.

“ John Mitchell, famous for eating Shad-roë,” says a note in the Duffield  
 impression. He is referred to in the third Stanzas of this Canto.  
 In 1777, Colonel Mitchell was Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania. The  
 Marquis de Chastellux in a sketch of one of the City Assembly Balls at  
 Philadelphia in the winter of 1780-1 (where the airs danced to, by the  
 way, went by the names of *Burgoyne’s Defeat*, *The Success of the Campaign*,  
*Clinton’s Retreat*, &c.) says : “ The Managers are generally chosen  
 “ from



“ from amongst the most distinguished officers of the Army ; this important place is at present held by Colonel *Wilkinson*, who is also a clothier-general of the Army. Colonel *Mitchell*, a little fat, squat man, fifty years old, a great judge of horses, and who was lately Contractor for carriages, both for the American and the French Armies, was formerly the Manager ; but when I saw him, he had descended from the magistracy, and danced like a private citizen. He is said to have exercised his office with great severity, and it is told of him, that a young lady who was figuring in a Country Dance, having forgot her turn by conversing with a friend, he came up to her, and called out aloud, *give over, Miss, take care what you are about : Do you think you came here for your pleasure ?* ”

NOTE 49, Page 41.

Thomas M’Kean ; a Member of the Congress of 1765, a Signer of the Declaration ; and the only man who was constantly a Member of Congress from 1774 to 1783. He was President of Congress in 1781 ; Chief-Justice ; and Governor of Pennsylvania. He may have dressed in black, as described by the poet, in private life : but on the bench he was distinguished by his immense cocked-hat and scarlet gown. He died in 1817, in his 84th year.

NOTE 50, Page 41.

Continental Paper Money.

NOTE 51, Page 42.

Timothy Matlack : in 1780 a Member of Congress from Pennsylvania.

NOTE

## NOTE 52, Page 42.

Colonel John Bull of Philadelphia county; afterwards of Montgomery county. In 1772, he was a Justice of the Peace; in 1777, he was Colonel of the First Regiment of Pennsylvania Levies; and a Member of Assembly from Philadelphia County. He commanded at Billingsport; and was Adjutant General of the Militia.

## NOTE 53, Page 42.

"Daniel Roberdeau, a lumber merchant and militia general."—*Manuscript Note*. A Member of Congress with Robert Morris from Pennsylvania in 1777; and that body meeting at York, where accommodations were scanty, he opened his house to Gerry, and Samuel and John Adams, delegates from Massachusetts. Though of French extraction, he was a great public favourite at Philadelphia, where he had long dwelt. The following Warrant, issued (if genuine) when the Whigs there were preparing to fly before the enemy, is not printed in the Archives.—"In Council of Safety, Philadelphia, Dec. 9, 1776. You are hereby authorized and required to impress either *James Pemberton's*, *John Pemberton's*, *Samuel Emlen's*, jun., or *John Reynolds'* close carriage and horses, for to remove General Roberdeau. By Order of Council, *David Rittenhouse*, V. President. To John Bray, or any other Coach stable." These coach owners were probably not very zealous whigs. Roberdeau's education must have been good. In 1777, we find him writing to several of the State Authorities, asking that copies of Virgil and of Ovid should be sent him; which might have occasioned the satirist, who reflected that the legislature of 1778 could not all write their own names, to repeat how often it happened that "the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths." In January, 1795, Adams writes: "The public prints announce the death of my old, esteemed friend, General Roberdeau, whose virtues in heart-searching times endeared him

“ him to Philadelphia and to his country. His friendly attention to me  
“ when Congress held their sessions at Yorktown I can never forget,” &c.  
He is buried at Alexandria.

NOTE 54, Page 42.

Goshen is not remote from New York ; which city, being the British headquarters, is here signified. The expulsion of the wives and children of Tories was not, in so many words, included in the Resolutions of the Town Meeting of May 25th : but the presence in the city of the wives of “ British Emisseries ” was presented as “ a grievance of a very dangerous nature ” by the Grand Jury, in July, 1779 : and in June, 1780, the Executive Council of the State ordered that the wives and children of all persons who had joined the Enemy, if found within the State after the lapse of ten days from the date of that Decree, should be proceeded against as public enemies.

NOTE 55, Page 43.

“ The mob are not easily pleas'd. While General Roberdeau was speaking from the chair, those behind him hiss'd and silenc'd him, because he turn'd his face from them.”—*Author's Note.*

NOTE 56, Page 43.

Dr. James Hutchinson : born 1752 ; died of yellow fever, 1793. He was by birth a Quaker. See his biography in *Reed's Reed*, 11 ; 127 ; and a free notice of his character in *Littell's Graydon*, 91. John Adams too must have disliked him excessively, when he repeated what some Quakers in Philadelphia had told him of the benefits to the United States that resulted from Hutchinson's death.

NOTE 57, Page 43.

“ A gander has more brains by half : ” and “ A goose has got more  
“ sense by half ; ” are other readings of this line.

NOTE

## NOTE 58, Page 43.

Dr. Benjamin Rush : but the adjective does not agree with Mr. Adams's estimate, in 1775, of Rush's character. "He is an elegant, ingenious body, a sprightly, pretty fellow. He is a republican. \* \* \* But Rush, I think, is too much of a talker to be a deep thinker ; elegant, not great."—*Life and Works*, II ; 427. From circumstances, and his own talents, few men became more odious to the Tories than Rush : and he cordially reciprocated their sentiments. Smyth, who while in gaol at Philadelphia came into contact with him, styles him "a man eminent in physic, but as eminent in rebellion, and still more so in unfulfilled professions." But every thing that envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, ever did to vilify the character, conduct and connexions of Dr. Rush, pales beside the rancorous hatred and the powerful idiom of Cobbett, who actually kept up a periodical called *The Rush-Light*, with no other end or staple than witty abuse of the doctor and his friends : its motto was from *Job* :—"Can the rush grow up without mire ? can the flag grow without water ? Whilst it is yet in his greenness, and not cut down, it withereth before any other herb. So are the paths of all that forget God ; and the hypocrite's hope shall perish," &c. See *Porcupine's Works*, XI : *Index*.

## NOTE 59, Page 43.

"Timothy Matlack, Esq., called from his cock-fighting propensities, *"Tim Gaff."*—*Duffield*.

## NOTE 60, Page 43.

George Bryan, Esq. ; born in Ireland, 1730 ; died in Pennsylvania, 27th January, 1791. He was prominent as a leader of the democratic wing of the Whig Party. See a previous Note : also *Reed's Reed*, II : *Index* ; and *Littell's Graydon*, 287. "He was said to be a very diligent reader,  
" and



“ and was certainly a never weary monotonous talker, who, in the different courses he held, seldom failed to give evidence of the most minute, refined, and out of the way facts; inasmuch, that a bet was once offered, that he could name the town-cryer of Bergen-op-Zoom.”

## NOTE 61, Page 44.

Alluding to the bribe alleged to have been tendered by Commodore Johnstone to General Reed; and refused: a matter that was the source of much comment on both sides of the Atlantic. The three persons involved; Johnstone, who offered the bribe; Mrs. Ferguson, who bore the message; and Reed, who repulsed it; had each a different version of the affair. Mrs. Ferguson admitting the truth of Reed's account, so far as he and Johnstone were concerned, at the same time denied that he had stated his conversation with her in either a fair, friendly, or kind manner. Johnstone declared there was not a word of truth in the whole story, and asserted that he had indisputable evidence in his possession to show that Reed's story was untrue. This evidence, he continued, could not be made public at the time, lest it should endanger the safety of private individuals; but he intimated that it should one day be given to the world. Its nature never has been made known: and there is little doubt but that the narratives of Reed and Mrs. Ferguson were substantially correct. Johnstone indeed admits that he used corrupt means in other instances; as truly there was reason to believe would have been attempted. Arthur Lee wrote from Paris to Congress in 1778, when Carlisle, Eden, and Johnstone were about setting forth as Royal Commissioners to America, that “ the ministers of England give out that they have despatched half a million of guineas, to pave the way to a favourable reception of their propositions, and I know from the best authority here that they have assured Count Maurepas of their being *sure of a majority in Congress.*” Lee was an enemy of Reed's,—(the same calumniator, wrote Franklin to Reed in 1780, “ who formerly, in his private letters to particular members, accused you, with Messrs. Jay, Duane, Langdon, and Harrison,

“ of



“ of betraying the secrets of Congress, in a correspondence with the Ministry :”)—and his testimony therefore as to the unworthy artifices to be employed, is of importance. A writer in Hall and Sellers’ Gazette (Philadelphia, September 1st, 1779), remarks with great earnestness on Johnstone’s general avowal of the use of “other means besides persuasion.” He declares it to be the opinion “of many hardy zealots in our cause,” reasoning from the conduct of the Congress of 1778-9, that “it is impossible that General Reed, whose consequence in Congress was not of the first order, could be the only member of that body who did not attract the notice of a bribe. To this great and good man a bribe was undeniably offered. It was no doubt offered to others. Gen. Reed was the only one who divulged, and therefore the only one who refused it—for if offered to others, and that it must have been offered to others besides the General, is next to a certainty, how came it to pass (say these scrutinizing zealots) that they did not, like him, for reputation sake even, divulge the proffered corruption?” If this insinuation had any real foundation, I cannot explain it: but if, as is most likely, it was designed to affect the political antagonists of the local party to which Reed belonged, its explanation may consist in the facts already referred to in the Notes to *The Town Meeting*, of the hatred in which Robert Morris was then held by many; Mr. Morris, Mr. Dana, and Mr. Reed having each been addressed, on his arrival, by letters from Johnstone. Gouverneur Morris and William Duer, Members of Congress from New York, were also, in 1779, on terms of political hostility with General Reed.

## NOTE C2, Page 44.

“*Vide the Letter from Cleves on the Lower Rhine*, in Dunlap’s Pennsylvania Packet, May 25th, 1779.”—*Author’s Note*. “Alluding to a piece published in the said paper founding the good Qualifications of President Reed: *strongly suspected to be composed by himself*.”—*Manuscript Note*. This last insinuation is probably false. The article in question was undoubtedly printed in Europe, and thence translated to America, Mr.

Mr. C. G. F. Dumas, the Private Agent in Holland for American Affairs, wrote (4th November, 1778) from the Hague to the American Commissioners at Paris in this wise:—"The Courier of the Lower Rhine" contains a fine eulogy on Mr. Joseph Reed, member of Congress; it is "deserving of your attention. I wish I could send you the paper, but "I have only one copy, which I am about to forward to Congress." The following is the letter (probably altered to an English dress) as it appeared in Dunlap's Packet of May 25th, 1779.

*Extract from a Gazette, printed at Cleves, on the Lower Rhine.*

"The noble and disinterested conduct of the members of the American Congress, whom the British Commissioners endeavored to corrupt, has been received here with equal pleasure and admiration. They have generously disdained the most seducing offers that were made, and have therefore given the lie to the assertion of an Agent from the Court of London to that of Versailles, to a gentleman in high office,—'The end of this affair will prove that your nation has been the dupes of it. After you have made great efforts, and incurred immense expenses, to support American Independence, we shall purchase the Members of Congress, and the Congress itself: a little Gold distributed appropos will reëstablish us in all our rights, and cover you with shame for your proceedings.'—I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it! Virtuous and sublime Reed! Do not believe that we can pass over in silence a reply so magnanimous, so generous, worthy of being equalled to the finest expressions of patriotism and greatness of soul, of which the antient republics offer an example. Should this writing ever find its way to you, accept the homage which we pay to thy virtue, in the name of all those whose hearts know the worth of it. May your example find many imitators in your country, where baseness and venality have not made the fatal progress they have done in the countries of Europe! Such instances of magnanimity remind us that, four years ago, when the first steps towards independence were taken, we ventured to predict

‘That

‘That the Americans would exhibit examples of grandeur that would astonish our little souls.’ And we have every day the satisfaction to see that we have not mistaken this extraordinary people, made to do honour to human nature, and to recall the idea of its primitive dignity.”

NOTE 63, Page 45.

The fleet under D’Estaing was sent from France with a view to destroy the British squadron in the Delaware, and thus lend a vital assistance to the cause of America. Had it, instead, failed directly to the West or East Indies or to other exposed possessions of England, it might doubtless have gained great advantages for France. The length of time D’Estaing was on the voyage, and the tidings that came to the English, enabled them to get on their guard; and the French on arrival found them gone to New York. After landing M. Gerard, the Minister, D’Estaing proceeded to Sandy Hook, where for eleven days, in the summer of 1778, he lay moored outside the bar. The pilots could not carry his largest ships over; and thus a smaller squadron, at New York under Howe, escaped the dubious conflict. The French admiral then went to Rhode Island, to coöperate with the American land forces under Sullivan against the British: where, after some skirmishing he was overtaken by a storm; and his fleet suffered much loss ere he could get into Boston. His flagship, the *Languedoc*, 90, lost her rudder and masts. The Americans were very angry at his leaving Newport and refusing to send any of his vessels back from Boston: and did not omit to publish their vexation in protests and general orders. While refitting at Boston (September, 1778), a serious row occurred between his people and some on the shore. Whether the last were Americans, or British prisoners, I do not know: but one or two of the French officers were dangerously, if not mortally wounded. A like occurrence was said to have occurred at Charleston, S. C., about the same period; when the French from their ships fired cannon and musketry, which the Americans retorted from the wharves. After his fleet was refitted, D’Estaing left Boston, for Martinique as was  
believed,

believed. The attempt at Newport, by the way, was a failure. The Americans were forced to retire when the French fleet no longer supported them.

NOTE 64, Page 45.

This is an early allusion to Tamenund, the Indian king, as the patron saint of America.

NOTE 65, Page 47.

Rev. George Duffield, a chaplain to Congress, and a Presbyterian. The allusion, that follows, to the attendance of Congress, at a Catholic Mass, refers to the willingness of that body, though Protestant, to pay a proper respect to the faith of the French King and of his Ambassador.

NOTE 66, Page 48.

We know that Odell was a French scholar; for in December, 1776, he acted as interpreter in that tongue between the Hessian commander and the people of Burlington, N. J.: but he does great injustice here to the prowess of the incomparable monarch of the *Dipsodes*, as described by Rabelais: who, after kicking the monstrous *Loupgarou* to death, seized his corpse by the two heels, and used it as a club to demolish the remainder of his enemies. “*Finablement, voyant que tous estoient mortz, icesta le corps de Loupgarou tant qu’il peut contre la ville, et tumba comme une grenouille sus le ventre en le place mage de ladicte ville, et en tumbant du coup tua ung chat brusle, une chatte mouillee, une canne petiere, et ung oyson bridé.*”—*La Vie de Gargantua et de Pantagruel*: liure ii. chap. xxix.

NOTE 67, Page 48.

Governor Samuel Huntington, of Connecticut, was President of Congress, in 1779 and 1780. M. de Chastellux was reminded by him of Fabricius, when he paid the President a visit and found his chamber lit by a solitary candle.

NOTE



## NOTE 68, Page 50.

Charles-Hector, comte D'Estaing, had served under Lally in India, and was captured at Madras by the English in 1759. He broke his parole: wherefore, being again taken prisoner, the English would not trust him, but lodged him in duress. This circumstance gave birth to his continued animosity to Britain. His French biographer accuses him of time-serving in the civil turmoils of that kingdom: he testified against Marie Antoinette at her trial, and was presently guillotined in his own turn. M. de la Mothe Piquet was another French naval officer of distinction, who served on our coasts during the war.

## NOTE 69, Page 50.

The Oneidas were the only tribe of the Six Nations in the interest of Congress. In 1779, Gen. Sullivan (whose objection to being left by D'Estaing at Newport, in 1778, as already referred to, gives point to this allusion) led an expedition against the hostile savages, and exchanged speeches with the Oneidas. 'Unless I am mistaken, Congress bestowed military rank upon several of the chiefs of this tribe: an inexpensive grant of honours, that probably suggested its repetition to the poet.

## NOTE 70, Page 51.

The capture of the *Alcmene* frigate, October 21st, 1779, gave Rear Admiral Hyde Parker the first assurance of D'Estaing being gone to America.

## NOTE 71, Page 52.

D'Estaing's first summons to Savannah was that it should surrender to the arms of the King of France. It may be noticed here, by the way, that the first news of the defence of Savannah reached New York on the



18th November, 1779, five days only before that on which *The Feu de Joie* appeared in print. This evinces a rapidity of composition on the part of Dr. Odell. His story follows entirely the letters of Governor Tonyn and Colonel Fufer, which contained the intelligence referred to.

NOTE 72, Page 53.

Captain Moncrieffe was an old soldier, and a good one. His extensive acquaintance with this country, and the fact of his being the uncle of General Montgomery and the brother-in-law of Mr. Jay and Governor Livingston, had inspired a vain hope that he might adopt our cause. His services as Engineer Officer at Savannah were, in great part, the salvation of the place; and General Prevost, in his official report, declared that any mark of royal favour bestowed on Moncrieffe would be regarded as a personal gratification to every man in the army. He planned the works before Charleston in the following year, and received Clinton's most profuse praises in the Gazette. In a tract, published after the war, and written, it is suspected by Arnold, an anecdote is given of the battle of Brandywine. The English were advancing on the redoubt that Washington had thrown up to guard Chad's Ford, when Lieutenant Colonel (then Captain) Moncrieffe, who headed the column, saw an American howitzer, loaded with grape, pointed so as to rake the party, and the gunner about to apply the lighted match. "I'll put you to death if you fire!" Moncrieffe cried; on which the gunner dropped the match and fled. He died at New York, Dec. 10th, 1791; and was buried "in Trinity Church, in the same tomb with his friend Colonel Maitland, "uncle to Lord Lauderdale, who, in dying, made it the last request that "his ashes should be mixed with my father's." See *Memoirs of Mrs. Margaret Cogblan*, Moncrieffe's daughter, and a very notorious woman, who numbered the Duke of York among her keepers.

NOTE

## NOTE 73, Page 53.

Colonel Maitland, an excellent officer, succeeded in getting into the town after the siege began. The relief he brought was very important, as the place, not expecting such an attack, was not strongly garrisoned. I have not seen this epitaph on him in print.

On the honourable Colonel Maitland, whose death was occasioned by the fatigues he suffered in his admired march from Beaufort to Savannah, and whose memory in the Charles Town Gazette receives its highest panegyrick from the mouth of an enemy. *By Mrs. De Lancey.*

O'er *Maitland's* corpse as Victory reclin'd  
 Reflecting on the fate of human kind :  
 Is this, she cried, the end of all thy toils !  
 What now avail thy laurels or thy spoils !

Worn with fatigue thou cam'st thy friends to save—  
 Saw them reliev'd, and sunk into the grave !  
 Now grief and joy together blend their cries ;  
 Savannah's fav'd, yet generous Maitland dies.  
 In vain around thy conqu'ring soldiers weep :  
 Thy eyes are clos'd in death's eternal sleep.  
 Yet while a grateful King or Country sighs,  
 O'er thy lov'd ashes marbles proud shall rise.  
 Nay, even the Foe, reliev'd awhile from fear,  
 Confess thy Virtues, and bestow a tear :  
 Own, that as Valour strung thy nervous arm,  
 So gentle Pity did thy bosom warm.

O double praise—to make the haughty bend ;  
 Yet make the vanquish'd enemy a friend !  
 Thus *Maitland* falls, though his undying name  
 Shall live forever on the lips of Fame.

## NOTE 74, Page 56.

Pulaski had been one of the Confederates of Bar to oust Stanislaus Poniatowski from the Polish throne. Having skilfully seized and carried off the king, he and his party do not seem to have known what to do with him: they had not the means of long retaining him prisoner, and they were not willing to slay him; so Stanislaus escaped, and Pulaski fled the kingdom.

It is related, by one who was present, that in the moment of attack the advance on Savannah was delayed by the punctilio of an officer, whose company had failed to obtain the position of honour upon the right, to which military etiquette entitled it. Under a sweeping fire of grapeshot from the town, the whole division was halted, while his company, with drum and fife, marched before the line to its place.

## NOTE 75, Page 56.

This may refer to a small fortie on the night of Sept. 27th, which set the French and Americans firing on each other in the dark. Their loss was said to be about fifty. When the siege was about being given over, mutual civilities passed between the English and French officers, and one of the latter (Count O'Duin, an officer of rank) is reported by General Prevost as speaking very acrimoniously of "the scoundrel Lincoln" and the Americans. General Benjamin Lincoln led our forces. Another English Officer mentioned a report that the Americans were offended at the summons to surrender to the French King only; and that the allies when they departed "were almost ready to cut one another's throats."

## NOTE 76, Page 66.

Mariot Arbuthnot, nephew of Dr. John Arbuthnot the famous friend of Swift and Pope, was born in 1711, and died an Admiral of the Blue in 1794. In 1780, he commanded the naval forces at New York.

When

When the French fleet came to Rhode-Island in July, 1780, Clinton wished to make a conjoined attack on the enemy there, but the Admiral, who was not only a bad tactician but a slow old man, did not act with sufficient haste, and all fell through. In recruiting at New York, he dropped a coarse remark which is not repeated in the text as here reprinted. Sir Henry Clinton in a Manuscript Note says: "It had been proposed that 6000 men under Sir H. C. should have been landed in Efcourt Passage to meet the French on their embarkation: but as the Admiral was not informed of their arrival till ten days after, and that they had been reinforced and had had time to fortify, it would not have been quite so prudent for the Army alone to attempt; and if the Admiral had seen the propriety of taking an active part with the Navy, he would have accepted the proposal of Sir H. C."

## NOTE 77, Page 72.

The King's sloop *Savage*, of 16 guns, was lost near the river St. Lawrence before 1780: the *Triton* was a look-out vessel of Arbuthnot's fleet at New York in 1780.

## NOTE 78, Page 72.

A place hard by New York where, it would appear, captive American Officers were often detained and boarded at two dollars a week. See *Littell's Graydon*: 245-255.

## NOTE 79, Page 72.

Here is a confirmation of the assertion of the anonymous translator of Chastellux. Immense quantities of English, Spanish, and Portuguese gold coin were brought into America, during the war, at the cost of Great Britain: but "had all of them holes punched in them, or were otherwise diminished at New York, before they were suffered to pass the lines; from whence they obtained the name of *Robertsons* in the rebel country; " but



“ but the profits, if any, of that commander, on this new edition of the  
“ coin, remain a secret.” Major-General James Robertson was the last  
Royal Governor of New York: his jurisdiction never extended beyond  
the lines of the city.

## NOTE 80, Page 74.

The manuscript of this Ode bears also the following obscure lines:  
“ Dear Y—. Your scrap of Intelligence made a Mother’s Eye glitten  
“ with delight and gratitude. Are not these feelings on these occasions  
“ finer than their lordly Masters. Your withering twig explains it in a  
“ moment. Well! I have executed all your commands, verbal and  
“ written, and now, feeling myself somewhat boulder after this full de-  
“ claration, let me request the favor of you to put the above in a better  
“ dress than its own dad could invent or make for it: which will be doing  
“ as you would be done by. Benny will convince you I have not  
“ omitted sending a line, and that will evince this proposition that I am  
“ *wholly yours.* R. R. Tuesday mornng.”

## NOTE 81, Page 79.

Fresh meats were so costly in New York during the war that the day  
commemorated by the poet was worthy of all his praise. Taking the  
prices for any year, we see how scarce fresh provisions must have been.  
In Feb. 1777, for instance, strong Irish butter was at 3s. per lb. In  
April, beef was at 14d. per lb.; butter at 2s.; mutton at 18d.; milk 7d.  
per quart; cabbages 20d. each, &c. In June, an egg was worth a shil-  
ling; in August, beef was at 21d. per lb., and other things in proportion.  
The Song also refers to the cherished idea with Washington and La Fay-  
ette of carrying New York. La Fayette was now in Virginia, acting  
against Arnold.

NOTE



## NOTE 82, Page 81.

The manuscript is addressed: "To Capt. Duncan. P. P.'s correction and alteration of the enclosed hasty dath is requested by the author." Captain Duncan was of the *Eagle*, Lord Howe's flagship, in 1778. The *Royal Oak*, 74, failed from England with "the hardy Byron" in 1778, and was for several years in the American seas. M. Destouches was at Rhode-Island, in August, 1780, in command of *Le Neptune*, 74.

## NOTE 83, Page 83.

Now *Burke*, with his *Prospect*, no longer can charm;  
Nor Giants or Goblins the Nation alarm.—*Author's Variation.*

## NOTE 84, Page 88.

To cast a slur on the character of Washington would, today, be the act, if of an American, of a very silly or a very dishonest man. The latitude of party heats and personal rivalries permitted a less restrained conduct during his life-time. The Tories had surely some excuse for speaking bitterly of the only man by whom the American Armies could have been led to Victory and Independence; for the vanquished party has in all times possessed at least the privilege of murmuring against its conqueror. But it must not be forgotten that long before and long after the War, as well as through its continuance, Washington was the object of the envy and the calumny of others than the adherents of the English crown. The earliest public outrage offered to his character appears in the official *Mémoire*, sent in 1756 by Louis XV to the other sovereigns of Europe, in which, referring to Washington's Ohio expedition and the death of Jumonville, in 1754, he says: "Il parait que l'imposture ne coûte rien à M. Washington; ici il s'en fait honneur." It is amusing to find that Beaumarchais in 1779, replying to Gibbon's statements and justifying the aid given by France to America, heads his list  
of

of outrages exercised by England with this charge of assassination ! He did not know that the falsehood hit the chief of the Americans, instead of the English court. Perhaps the original assertion by a foe of this bald slander " may be forgiven, though it cannot be applauded : " but its repetition was unfortunate on the lips of a friend. But the friends of America in the war were not all friends of Washington. His appearance in uniform in the Congress of 1775, and the military experience he had acquired, undoubtedly familiarized the minds of some members with the idea of his nomination to be Commander of the Army : but the consent of many of the delegates to this appointment was only extorted by the necessities of the case, and was a source " of real regret in nearly one half " of the gentlemen who made it. A number of the members were for Mr. Hancock ; more were for Charles Lee ; many for Washington ; but the greatest number were in favour of Artemas Ward. There is room however for the inference that there was no desire on the part of a majority to maintain at the continental expense a New England army, with New England officers, to fight New England battles on New England soil. There was a Southern party against a Northern ; " and so many of our " staunchest men," says Adams, " were in the plan, that we could carry " nothing without conceding to it. Another embarrassment, which was " never publicly known, and which was carefully concealed by those who " knew it, the Massachusetts and other New England delegates were " divided. Mr. Hancock and Mr. Cushing hung back ; Mr. Paine did " not come forward, and even Mr. Samuel Adams was irresolute. Mr. " Hancock himself had an ambition to be appointed Commander-in- " Chief \* \* \* When I came to describe Washington for the commander, " I never marked a more striking and sudden change of countenance. " Mortification and repentment were expressed as forcibly as his (Hancock's) face could exhibit them." Mr. C. F. Adams adds that " neither " Hancock nor Ward was ever afterwards cordial towards " Washington. Nor were the Virginia delegates unanimous in his favour : " particularly " Mr. Pendleton was very clear and full against it." When the question was

was debated, there was a warm opposition to Washington: on public, however, and not on any personal grounds. Pendleton, Sherman, Cushing, and several others joined in it; fearing "discontents in the army" "and in New England." This army, it must be recollected, consisted at that time almost entirely of the men raised by and in New England, and gathered before Boston. There was in Congress a strong jealousy of Massachusetts, and a suspicion of her real objects; and her representatives were obliged to be very guarded in the expression of their sentiments, lest other colonies should recoil from them. Washington's appointment, therefore, was justly regarded by Adams as valuable, in securing the union of the colonies in defence of New England; and the troops forthwith raised in the more southern provinces and sent thither by Congress justified his predictions. And it must likewise be remarked that at the time of the selection of Washington, Hancock writes favourably of the appointment. The pay of the General Officers was also a hard morsel for some of the delegates to swallow. Samuel and John Adams and Paine were earnest to reduce it, but in vain. "Those ideas of equality, which are so agreeable to us natives of *New-England*, are very disagreeable to many gentlemen in the other Colonies. They had a great opinion of the high importance of a Continental General, and were determined to place him in an elevated point of light. They think the *Massachusetts* establishment too high for the privates, and too low for the officers, and they would have their own way." Probably the original suggestion of Washington for Commander-in-chief came from Johnson of Maryland, or some other Southern delegate; but to John Adams was due his public nomination. "Virginia is indebted to Massachusetts for Washington," he boasted, "not Massachusetts to Virginia. Massachusetts made him a general against the inclination of Virginia." But this can only refer to the voice of the delegates from these States, who were generally intimately allied in Congress on any party question. Long after the Peace, John Jay said that in the Congress of the Revolution there was always, from first to last, a most bitter party against Washington. What were the various

various motives of its members, it is impossible to say, since their names even cannot, with fulness and accuracy, be now ascertained. It is but fair, however, to give the benefit of a doubt, and to suppose that it was an apprehension of the effect which so much power and popularity might have on his ambition. The future was as yet unseen; and many men knew not what would be the consequences of the attainment of Independence. "The subjugation of my country," said Edward Biddle, whose declining health had compelled him to forego the influence his talents would have given him as delegate in Congress from Pennsylvania—"I deprecate as a most grievous calamity; and yet sickened at the idea of thirteen, unconnected, petty democracies: if we are to be independent, let us, in the name of *God*, at once have an empire, and place *Washington* at the head of it." But this idea was not pleasing to our people, whose experience of the benefits of monarchy was not great, and very few of whom had ever been distinguished by any royal favour; or, as an English versifier sang:

Poor lost America, high honours missing,  
Knows nought of smile and nod, and sweet hand-kissing:  
Knows nought of golden promises of kings;  
Knows nought of coronets, and stars, and strings:  
In solitude the lovely rebel sighs!  
But vainly drops the penitential tear—  
Deaf as the adder to the woman's cries,  
We suffer not her wail to wound our ear:  
For food, we bid her hopeless children prowl,  
And with the savage of the desert howl.

But such "fears of the brave and follies of the wife" are incident to human nature; and the jealousy of Washington may have in some cases been connected with honest though blind judgments. It was a public blessing, thought Adams, that the glorious defence of the Delaware forts, in 1777, was "not immediately due to the Commander-in-chief nor to  
"southern



"southern troops. If it had been, idolatry and adulation would have  
 "been unbounded; so excessive as to endanger our liberties, for what I  
 "know. Now, we can allow a certain citizen to be wise, virtuous and  
 "good without thinking him a deity or a Saviour." It was in the same  
 year that the writer took fire in Congress at the sentiments entertained for  
 the General by certain members: "I am distressed to find some of our  
 "members disposed to idolize an image which their own hands have  
 "molten. I speak of the superstitious veneration which is paid to General  
 "Washington. I honour him for his good qualities, but in this house,  
 "I feel myself his superior. In private life, I shall always acknowledge  
 "him to be mine." The *Cabal* against Washington was never more  
 violent than at this time, and probably debate ran high and warm lan-  
 guage was used on either side: and his enemies, if we may rely on the  
 following anecdote, were more powerful in the Council-chamber than in  
 the Camp. In a *Life of Lord Stirling* the father-in-law of William Duer,  
 written by Mr. Duer's son (and the relationship is of some importance to  
 the authenticity of the anecdote), occurs this singular passage: "It is  
 "related by Mr. Dunlap in his History of New York, upon the authority  
 "it is presumed of the late General Morgan Lewis, that a day had been  
 "appointed by the *Cabal* in Congress for one of them to move for a  
 "Committee to proceed to the camp at Valley-Forge, to arrest General  
 "Washington; and that the motion would have succeeded had they not  
 "unexpectedly lost the majority which they possessed when the measure  
 "was determined on. At that time, there were but two delegates in  
 "attendance from New York; Francis Lewis, the father of the late  
 "General Morgan Lewis, and William Duer, the son-in-law of Lord  
 "Stirling—barely sufficient to entitle the State to a vote, if both were  
 "present. But Mr. Duer was confined to his bed by a severe and dan-  
 "gerous illness. His colleague, Mr. Lewis, had sent an express for Mr.  
 "Gouverneur Morris, one of the absent members, who however had not  
 "arrived on the morning of the day on which the motion was to have  
 "been made. Finding this to be the case, Mr. D. inquired of his phy-  
 "sician,



“ fician, Dr. John Jones, whether it was possible for him to be carried  
 “ to the Court-House where Congress sat. The Doctor told him it was  
 “ possible, but it would be at the risk of his life. ‘Do you mean,’ said  
 “ Mr. D., ‘that I should expire before reaching the place?’ ‘No,’ re-  
 “ plied the Doctor, ‘but I would not answer for your leaving it alive.’  
 “ ‘Very well, sir,’ said Mr. D., ‘you have done your duty, and I will  
 “ do mine. Prepare a litter for me; if you will not, somebody else will—  
 “ but I prefer your aid.’ The litter was prepared, and the sick man  
 “ placed in it, when the arrival of Mr. Morris rendered the further use  
 “ of it unnecessary, and baffled the intrigue that had induced its prepara-  
 “ tion.” The date of this anecdote was such as to render it extremely  
 improbable that the American Army, if it submitted to Washington’s  
 deposal, would have struck another blow under another leader for Con-  
 gress. “I remember well,” says a public writer in 1780, “that such  
 “ was the situation of the Army, while they lay at the Valley Forge in  
 “ the winter of the year 1778, destitute of cloathing, many times in want  
 “ of provisions, and greatly discouraged, that a member of Congress, who  
 “ had been on a Committee to the Camp to new model the troops with  
 “ the advice of General Washington, declared to me, that ‘such had been  
 “ the state of things, that nothing but the great virtues of that man had  
 “ kept the army together.’” Much concerning this *Cabal*, and its  
 workings in the Congress of 1778, exists in Gordon: whence it would  
 seem that delegates from Massachusetts and Virginia were deep in the  
 affair. Samuel Adams, he says, was concerned in it, and adds: “The  
 “ army was so confident of it, and so enraged, that persons were stationed  
 “ to watch him, as he approached the camp, on his return home. But  
 “ he is commonly possessed of good intelligence, and was careful to keep  
 “ at a safe distance. Had he fallen into the hands of the officers, when  
 “ in that paroxysm of resentment, they would probably have handled him  
 “ so as to have endangered his life, and tarnished their own honour.”

There is a curious article in the *Pennsylvania Evening Post*, July 24th,  
 1779, which may refer to this anti-Washington Party in Congress: “a

“ junto

"junto who have endeavored to subject all things to themselves, all power,  
 "civil military and marine: Who have endeavored to remove every  
 "person that would not mingle in their factious views; and to place none  
 "in office but their friends, relatives and dependents; against whose  
 "malevolence the unfulfilled fame of the great American patriot was but  
 "a slender barrier; whose victim was a W\*\*\*\*\* — and whose idol  
 "was a L\*\*." The same journal (July 9th, 1779) mentions the existence in Congress of a sort of Club of certain New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania delegates, with two or three from the Southward; the foundation of which had been laid in the first Congress, when there was cause to fear that New York and one or two other Middle Colonies were averse to extreme measures. Among the Washington party in Congress, I should put such names as those of Robert, Lewis, and Gouverneur Morris; Jay; Paca; Burke; Drayton; Duane; Duer; Francis Lewis. The question is not so clear in regard to Samuel Adams; Mifflin; Witherspoon; Rush; Jefferson; the Lees, &c.; though any conclusion to be arrived at must in some measure be conjectural. In 1789, Samuel Adams in a manner denied to a friend the truth of Dr. Gordon's statement of his having been concerned in a plot to remove Washington. And in 1796, when John Adams was a successful candidate for the Presidency of the United States, he makes an observation that would imply a well-established community of action between Samuel Adams and Thomas McKean: "The feelings of friendship excite a curiosity to know how McKean will vote. By that I shall guess how Governor Adams would have voted." On April 4th, 1778, Patrick Henry wrote to Richard Henry Lee that he (Lee) was traduced in Virginia by persons who alleged that he was engaged in a scheme to discard Washington: and in 1780, Dr. William Shippen, jun. wrote thus to him of General Greene: "He is a little suspicious that you are not perfectly satisfied with his conduct, because you were said to be inimical to our commander, and of consequence to him, who was supposed to be one of his flatterers—this false idea I have reprobated to General Greene, and assured him he would  
 "find

"find you his friend and useful confidant." And it is said also that the occasion of Lee's losing his popularity at home, and his seat in Congress in 1777, was chiefly because he had compelled his tenants to pay their rents. His biographer and namesake, in several places, flouts the charge made by Judge Johnson, in the *Life of Greene*, that Richard Henry Lee was Washington's enemy. But if Samuel Adams was, so was, probably, Lee. It is at all events a gratifying thing to remark that no one, in later days, had the moral courage to confess that he was concerned in the business; indeed its very name of *Conway's Cabal* shows that its members were afraid or ashamed to avow their complicity; for Conway was but a tool of the hour, whom it was easy enough for a fellow-soldier to silence, and whose name was affixed to a scheme (that he doubtless approved of, but which was concocted by longer heads than his own) merely to avert the attention of the world from its real authors. In the Army, indeed, the love and veneration for Washington was boundless, and almost universal; and here truly lay the stumbling-block of his enemies. It was only in the immediate circle of some of the foreign-born officers, as Conway, Lee, and Gates, that an opposite opinion was heard. Lee's sentiments in regard to "Washington and his puppies" are sufficiently well known. "*Entre nous*" he says to Gates in December, 1776, "a certain great man is "damnably deficient." "As to his talents for the command of an army," said Gates to Graydon, 'with a French shrug,' "they were miserable "indeed." The testimony of the civilian, who was forced to remove from a comfortable house in one place to a comfortable house in another, because Washington, with vastly inferior forces could not drive Howe out of Philadelphia, would be amusing but for the circumstance that, himself in a position to obtain a comfortable dinner—"a good roast turkey, plain "pudding, and minced pies"—he could so grievously have misconceived the condition of the Army in his vicinity. As Mr. William B. Reed justly observes, "the sufferings of the Americans during their winter cantonment at the Valley Forge have been often described. They have never "been exaggerated." Yet in the end of December, 1777, after noticing

Howe's

Howe's movements, a Pennsylvania Whig remarks: "All this is done in  
 "the view of our Generals and our army, who are careless of us, but care-  
 "fully consulting where they shall go to spend the winter in jollity, gaming  
 "and carousing. O tell not this in France or Spain! Publish it not in  
 "the streets of London, Liverpool or Bristol, lest the uncircumsised there  
 "should rejoice, and shouting for joy, say "America is ours, for the  
 "rebels are dismayed and afraid to fight us any longer! O Americans,  
 "where is now your virtue? O Washington, where is your courage?"  
 In this Note, no citation is made of Tory or British accusations against  
 Washington. One of these was, however, against his chastity: and some  
 of the charges went so far as to identify the woman and to trace the offspring.  
 This is only recurred to here, because of a like insinuation being made  
 apparently by Charles Lee, to General Reed, in 1778; but with great prop-  
 riety the latter repelled as unworthy of credence the slanders that charged  
 the Commander-in-chief with "great cruelty to his slaves in Virginia, and  
 "immorality of life, though they acknowledge it is so very secret that it  
 "is difficult to detect it."

In the close of 1779, General Sullivan warned Washington that the  
*Cabal* of 1777 against him still existed, and waited only for sufficient  
 strength to attack him openly. He therefore advises him to keep on his  
 guard. "Appearances may deceive even an angel. Could you have  
 "believed, four years ago, that those adulators, those persons so tenderly  
 "and so friendly used, as were Gates, Mifflin, Reed, and Tudor, would  
 "become your secret and bitter, though unprovoked enemies. If we view  
 "them now, we cannot help lamenting the want of sincerity in mankind."

But everything said or done during the War, by Whig or Tory, falls  
 far short of the dreadful charges brought against Washington by his  
 political opponents and fellow-citizens in 1795, 1796, and 1797. Com-  
 pared with the language of *Valerius*, *Pittacus*, *A Calm Observer*, &c.,  
 former scurrility almost became praise. Every variety of evil, from  
 avarice and fraud to tyranny and murder, was imputed to his hands,  
 with a power of conception and expression that leaves us no room to  
 wonder



wonder that he should have disdained to run the gauntlet of a third presidential term; that "he prudently retreated," to quote the remark of his successor. "Will not the world be led to conclude," says one, "that the mask of political hypocrisy has been alike worn by a Cæsar, a Cromwell and a Washington!" "Had the meridian blaze of the President's popularity continued much longer," writes another, "the lamp of American liberty would have been extinguished forever. Happily for humanity, a change has taken place before it was too late, and the consecrated ermine of presidential chastity seems too foul for time itself to bleach." In the *Philadelphia Aurora*, a paper edited with detestable ability, will be found scores of pieces of a like nature. What can be more lamentable than such lines as these, published at the very epoch (March 4th, 1797) of Washington's withdrawal to private life? "Lord, lettest now thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," was the pious ejaculation of a man who beheld a flood of happiness rushing in upon mankind. If ever there was a time, that would license the reiteration of the exclamation, that time is now arrived: for the man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country, is this day reduced to a level with his fellow-citizens, and is no longer possessed of a power to multiply evil upon the United States. If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment. Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people, ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington from this day ceases to give a currency to political iniquity, and to legalize corruption—a new æra is now opening upon us, an æra which promises much to the people; for public measures must now stand upon their own merits, and nefarious projects can no longer be supported by a name. When a retrospect is taken of the Washingtonian administration for eight years, it is a subject of the greatest astonishment, that a single individual should have cankered the principles of republicanism in an enlightened people, just emerged from the gulf of despotism, and should have carried his designs against public liberty so far, as to have put in jeopardy its

"very



“very existence: such, however, are the facts, and with these staring us  
 “in the face, this day ought to be a *jubilee* in the United States.” In  
 1813, John Adams, writing to Jefferson, refers to “the terrorism excited  
 “by Genet, in 1793, when 10,000 people in the streets of Philadelphia,  
 “day after day, threatened to drag Washington out of his house, and  
 “effect a revolution in the government, or compel it to declare war in  
 “favor of the French revolution and against England. The coolest and  
 “the firmest minds, even among the Quakers in Philadelphia, have given  
 “their opinions to me, that nothing but the yellow fever, which removed  
 “Dr. Hutchinson and Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant from this world,  
 “could have saved the United States from a fatal revolution of govern-  
 “ment.” But Adams’s morbid jealousy of every one whose fame out-  
 shone or even (in his own opinion) rivalled his own, cankers very many of  
 his judgments on Washington. While President himself, he complained  
 that he was annoyed by “puppets, danced upon the wires of two jugglers  
 “behind the scenes; and these jugglers were Hamilton and Washington.”  
 In another and (as believed) unpublished manuscript, he says (Aug. 23rd,  
 1806): “The Federalists, as they are called by themselves and their  
 “enemies, have done themselves and their country incalculable injury by  
 “making Washington their political, religious, and even moral pope, and  
 “ascribing every thing to him. Hancock, Samuel Adams, ———, and  
 “several others have been much more essential characters to America, than  
 “Washington. Another character, almost forgotten, of more importance  
 “than any of them all, was James Otis. It is to offend against Eternal  
 “justice to give to one, as this people do, the merits of so many. It is  
 “an effectual extinguisher of all patriotism and all public virtue, and  
 “throws the nation entirely into the hands of intrigue. You lament the  
 “growth of corruption very justly; but there is none more poisonous  
 “than the eternal puffing and trumpeting of Washington and Franklin,  
 “and the incessant abuse of the real Fathers of the country.”

Despite all that has been said too of Mr. Jefferson’s relations with  
 Washington, it is difficult to hold that these really could have been of a  
 perfectly

perfectly sincere and friendly nature. It was believed in Washington's family that shortly before his death he opened his mind very plainly to Mr. Jefferson, in two or three letters. A gentleman, who was Washington's confidential clerk at the time, gives us some idea of their nature; for neither letters nor copies long continued in existence after their writer was dead. "The first was," he said, "rather a letter of inquiry; the second one was so severe, and excited his feelings so much, that the hair appeared to rise on his head as he recorded it, and he felt that it must produce a duel—that the third was of a milder tone, but not a very gratifying one."

It is not, at this day, too much to say, that the common suffrage of all that is wise and good in human nature, authorizes us to question that man's soundness of judgment or rectitude of purpose, who impugns the character of *George Washington*.







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